EDWIN BOOTH. Illustrated Article by Laurence Hutton. In this Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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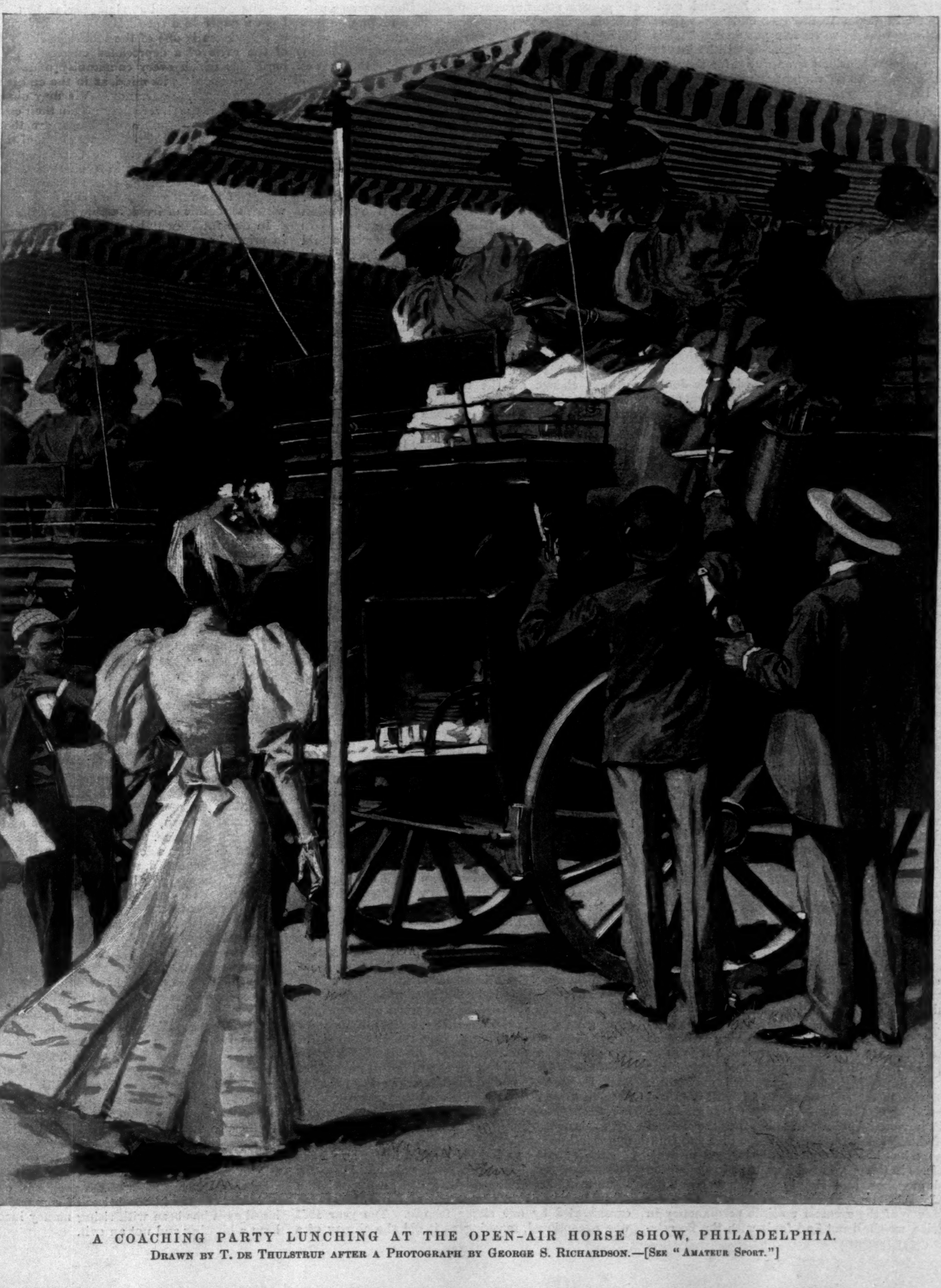

A COACHING PARTY LUNCHING AT THE OPEN-AIR HORSE SHOW, PHILADELPHIA.

Drawn by T. de Thulstrup after a Photograph by George S. Richardson.—[See "Amateur Sport."]

HARPER'S WEEKLY,
(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)
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PENSION REFORM.

PENSION reform as contemplated by the present administration and as desired by every good citizen means simply this: Every old soldier, or soldier's widow, or soldier's orphan who under the law is justly entitled to a pension shall have that pension; but nobody should receive such a pension without being entitled to it under the law, and measures should be taken to discover and strike from the rolls those who do so receive pensions. This is all. Nothing could be more just. It will be just to those who receive pensions wrongfully, for they are simply criminals who obtain money under false pretences. If they are punished for this crime only by being deprived of their pelf, they may be thankful for being leniently dealt with, and will have no reason to complain. It will be just to the meritorious old soldiers, for so long as the pension rolls are notoriously swelled with fraud, almost every pensioner whose title to his pension is not obvious will be more or less under the suspicion of being a cheat, while as soon as the pension roll is cleansed, any man may be proud of having his name on it, and the old soldier will again enjoy the honor he deserves. It will be just to the people, for the pensions come out of the people's pockets, and it is an outrage to burden the tax-payers of the country with an expenditure of untold millions a year for the benefit of a lot of false pretenders, who, instead of being fed at the public crib, ought to be exhibited to public reprobation.

It must, however, be said for these false pretenders that their offence appears far less heinous than it otherwise would when we consider the tremendous temptation to which they were exposed. We doubt whether the history of civilized nations presents another instance of such systematic debauching of the morals of a people as we find in our pension legislation and the methods by which it has been administered. There never has been more reckless demagogism in exciting the cupidity of a class of people who otherwise would have been moderate in their demands and reluctant to do wrong, nor more cowardly truckling to this so created cupidity than has been exhibited by Congressmen intent upon catching votes in their districts, and of party politicians in quest of party capital. There never has been a better organized and more methodical effort to seduce unsophisticated persons to plunder the government than that put forth by the pension attorneys, who by circulars and personal addresses moved people all over the country to apply for pensions, showing them how easily they might obtain, by hook or crook, a comfortable income; who flooded the press with appeals for extensions of the pension laws, pressed the Grand Army of the Republic into their service, besieged Congress as an ever-present lobby, and wormed themselves into the Pension Bureau to obtain favorable decisions and lax constructions of the law. And there never was an administration of any office better calculated to undermine all the safeguards of the law, to make plundering easy, and to thus attract the plunderer, than was the administration of the Pension Bureau under Corporal TANNER and Mr. RAUM, who by their rulings directly invited fraud and bade the false pretender welcome. Thus it was that this monstrous pension system could grow up, which has demoralized the people to an alarming degree, which has put outrageous burdens upon the tax-payer, and which is in the eyes of the world a monument not of American generosity, but of American demagogism and profligacy.

The cleaning of this Augean stable is a task requiring a high degree of circumspection, fearlessness, and energy. The Secretary of the Interior and the new Commissioner of Pensions have begun well by setting aside some of Mr. RAUM'S most profligate rulings, which opened the pension rolls to almost everybody having had a direct or remote connection with the army. Under the new ruling at least the disability contemplated by the law is to be proved, and the roll is to be purged of fraudulent cases. Obviously just and simple as this may seem, the obstacles to the enforcement of it will turn out to be formidable. In the first place, the administration will have to infuse a new spirit into the clerical force of the Pension Bureau, which, under two commissioners, has been systematically trained to overlook defects in the proof of claims, thus to encourage crooked practices, and simply to "shovel out the money." Although, as civil service reformers, we are in favor of the greatest possible permanency in the service, we shall not find fault with the Secretary of the Interior for the prompt removal of clerks who cannot quickly get rid of the bad habits of the past. We take it for granted that the administration will meet with courage the attacks made by the small political fry on the Republican side, who, whenever a fraudulent pensioner is discovered or a pension attorney is injured in his business, will raise a wild outcry in press and speech about the threatened rights of the old soldier. This partisan clamor will be easy to bear. Far more dangerous to pension reform will be the cowardice of the administration party itself in Congress.

It must not be forgotten that not only Republican but also Democratic Congressmen are responsible for our pension legislation, for a good many of them, too, were not above voting away any amount of money to catch some soldiers' votes; and the Southern Democrats apprehended that any resistance to pension legislation might be imputed to them as evidence of disloyalty. The same men will be taken in hand by the pension attorneys surrounding Congress as a permanent lobby to prevent any legislative measure the administration may want in the shape of changes in the existing law or of special appropriations to facilitate the prosecution of the reform. But the cooperation of Congress is required to render possible the two measures which will prove most essential in order to prevent further mischief, as well as to redress as much as possible the mischief already done. These two measures are the following:

No man acquainted with this subject will deny that the pension attorneys have been the most powerful agency in procuring extravagant and vicious pension legislation, a lax construction of the law, and a loose administration of it in the Pension Office, not to speak of the many thousands of cases in which they seduced people who otherwise would never have thought of it to apply for pensions, whether they were entitled to them or not. The pension attorney should be abolished. The pension attorney's business should be done by the clerical force of the Pension Office itself. If necessary a special division should be established to answer all inquiries, to give whatever information is asked for, to aid the claimant in making his application and in getting up his documents for proof, in short, to do without charge all the things now done by the attorney—except the crooked ones. This can be done, and should have been done long ago. It will give the claimant every reasonable facility, and be a great economy to him as well as to the government. The attorney may then be dispensed with, and can properly be excluded from practice before the Pension Bureau. Thus the most powerful agency of evil will be put out of business. The second measure is the publication of the names of the pensioners, together with the nature of the disability for which they are pensioned, and the amount of the pension paid to them, in the localities in which the pensions are drawn, the lists to be exhibited in some public place, such as the post-office. Nothing will be more effective in deterring false claimants and in bringing fraudulent pensioners to light than to put them under the surveillance of their neighbors. It will do better service to the administration than hundreds of special agents.

These measures will require some outlay of money, no doubt; but while the cost will count by thousands, the saving will count by millions. This policy will be fiercely resisted by the pension attorneys, as well as by all those who draw pensions on false pretences, and the administration will be wildly denounced for adopting it. But it may be sure that the public opinion of the country will be on its side, and the more fearlessly it proceeds on this line, the heartier and more general will be the popular approval.

THE APPRECIATION OF GOLD.

IT is striking to see how various and incongruous are the arguments of those who want the country to rest its currency on a silver basis. Sometimes we have the sentimental plea for the dollar of our fathers—a dollar which at no time was coined in any considerable quantity, was never in actual circulation, and for generations had disappeared from sight and memory. Sometimes the furtherance of the great silver-mining industry is advocated, and the patriotic wish expressed to encourage our own precious metals. More often there is general advocacy of currency inflation of any sort, the simple cry for more money, which would apply as logically to the indefinite issue of fiat paper as to the free coinage of silver. Most often of all, however, we have the argument that gold has appreciated, that prices are falling, that debtors are ruined, and that silver alone can save this country and the world from the evils of an appreciating standard.

Now it must be admitted that, in fact, prices have fallen very sensibly since 1873, and that in so far there has been what may be called an appreciation of gold. No doubt the extent of the fall is much exaggerated by our silver friends. The year 1873 was exceptional, marking as it did the climax of a period of speculation and of inflated prices, from which a recoil was inevitable under any circumstances. But even after making allowance for this, and taking the normal prices of a generation ago as the standard, a real and substantial decline in prices has undoubtedly taken place. The decline has appeared both in wholesale and in retail prices, and, to all appearances, is permanent, and not unlikely to continue further.

It must be admitted, further, that the *prima facie* case is that a general fall in prices is an evil. Even if no other consequence were considered, the effect of such a change in the relations of debtors and creditors must be harmful. Debtors, under the pressure of falling prices, find it harder to meet their obligations, and virtually pay back to their creditors more than they receive. It is not to be questioned, for example, that the debts contracted in this country in the years of paper-money inflation and artificial high prices, from 1865 to 1873, were made unhappily burdensome, when repaid at a later period, by the change from a paper to a specie standard. Indeed, this bit of experience is one of the most signal illustrations of the evils of a depreciated currency, and of the hardships which every community must submit to when it makes up its mind, as in the end it must, to return to a stable currency. We may observe, by-the-way, that the silver advocates, in their complaints of the fall in prices, too often compare the present situation with the inflated paper prices of the period immediately after the civil war, and so greatly misrepresent the real change in specie prices. It is true that even on a gold basis prices have fallen, but the extent of the fall cannot be gauged by comparison with the régime of irredeemable paper.

In one fundamental regard, however, the decline in prices has differed during the last twenty years from that which we should expect from a simple contraction of the currency. It has been confined to commodities; it has not appeared in the return for human labor. Money wages and money incomes have not fallen. They have certainly not fallen when measured in gold, and even from the paper-money rates of the war period the decline in incomes has been very slight. Reduced to a specie basis, in fact, the money return for labor, whether we call it wages or salary or income, has steadily tended to rise throughout the civilized world for the last half-century.

This fundamental fact puts the decline in prices and the supposed appreciation of gold in a very different light. It is obvious, for instance, that the pressure upon debtors ceases to be severe when they find themselves earning as much as they did when their debt was contracted. The real pressure upon debtors from an appreciation of money arises from the decline in their money incomes; but, in fact, a decline in money incomes has not taken place. Individual debtors and individual classes of debtors undoubtedly have suffered. But ups and downs in the prices of particular commodities and in the earnings of some persons are inevitable under any régime, and cannot be prevented by the most plentiful supply of money. Looking at the general trend of the phenomena, we find the situation one which cannot be said to press disastrously on the debtor class.

Further, when we consider all the aspects of the changes in the purchasing power of money in the last generation, we see that their combined effect simply is that the world is better off than it was. The only way in which the material prosperity of the individuals in any community can become greater is by their money incomes enabling them to buy more commodities. Either their money incomes and wages and salaries must go up, the prices of commodities remaining the same, or else the prices of commodities must go down, incomes and wages and salaries remaining the same. In fact, the world has seen in the last fifty years a double process at work. Money incomes have tended, upon the whole, to go up, and prices of commodities have tended unmistakably to go down. Every one is better off, and the situation seems to present no occasion for bewailing.

The truth is that what is called the appreciation of gold is simply the result of the enormous improvement in production which has taken place during the last century, and has operated with intensified effect during the past generation. Inventions, machinery, improved transportation, the opening up of new countries, and the discovery of rich mines have greatly increased the efficiency of labor. The sum and the variety of material commodities have swelled, and the concrete form in which the results of the improvement have come within our possession has been that of lower prices of commodities. The world is simply better off. If it has happened—and doubtless it has happened—that the money incomes of particular classes or particular sections have diminished, the cause must be found not in the scarcity of money, but in some eddy or counter-current in the general stream of progress. To the civilized world as a whole, and to the mass of the people in every part of it, the change in the prices of commodities, combined as it has been with rising money incomes, has been a blessing and not an evil.

THE MAN WHO CANNOT WRITE.

Since a member of the Adams family of Boston complained, with the aid of diagrams, in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, of the inability of the average Harvard undergraduate to express his sentiments in lucid English, there has been a succession of explanations from masters of preparatory schools, who have endeavored to trace the cause of this alleged defect, and to suggest practicable remedies. The fact that the average sub-Freshman of these days is an indifferent speller and a writer of infelicitous prose is practically admitted. The reasons given for his shortcomings with pen and ink are manifold and various. It has been shown that he is a bad writer because he has no ideas; because his education does not educate, but simply enables him to pass examinations; because there is so much to do in these times that he has no leisure to think; because the Bible is no longer read aloud in families, and he does not become familiar with its style; because he is interested in athletics to the exclusion of the polite arts; because his parents have no time to converse with him; because his mother reads to him too much; because he studies too much Greek and Latin, and not enough English; and because he doesn't study Greek and Latin enough, but reads too much juvenile literature.

Here are reasons enough, and all are good, to make it seem surprising that any boy would achieve even the ability to write his own name. Every reason of course suggests a remedy, and it will go hard with the boys if out of so many remedies their perfect cure is not effected. The wonder seems to be that it has occurred to no one to deny, or at least extenuate, the harmfulness of the letterless condition of which Mr. Charles Francis Adams has complained.

It is comprehensible that to an Adams the inability to write commendable English should assume the dimensions of a crime. There is no record of any Adams who had not something to say, and could not set it forth in sound, workmanlike language, and round, legible handwriting. All the Adamses are natural writers, and it is perfectly comprehensible that any Adams should insist that all educated men shall write. All the same, it is by no means indisputably desirable that facility in English prose composition shall be attained by every college-bred youth. In the first place, writing English is at present a fairly good trade, not unduly lucrative, but one by which a living is made by many persons who could have no reasonable expectation of making a living in any other way. To insist that education shall be so directed as to compel every student to become a writer of marketable English is to force undesired competition upon a class which has hard enough work to get along as it is. It may be unduly eulogistic to describe the laborious army of writers of English as deserving, but even if they have no professional rights which deserve to be quit of organized interference, it is certainly worth while, on mere grounds of public policy, to think twice before taking measures which might result in making great numbers of them a public charge.

The Proverbs of Solomon, and indeed the whole Bible, abound with references to the hazardous possibilities of the tongue. Writing was a rare accomplishment in Bible times. People talked then, and it was enough to warn them to be careful as to what they said. It is safe enough to assert that if the Bible were to be rewritten all those danger-signals about the unruly member would be supplemented by warnings against the irrepressible pen and ink. In our times it isn't what a man says that works him irretrievable sorrow, but what he writes down, and perhaps sends away by mail, or even prints. If there is a dangerous faculty, it is the ability to give effectual written expression to one's sentiments, Yet Mr. Adams and his associated reformers would make it a chief end of education to compass a precocious development of this two-edged accomplishment in lads too immature to be expected to know what not to say, or how not to say it. The sins and follies of a young man's tongue are forgotten, but however lofty a development his manhood may attain it can never outtower the risk of being vexed by such callow imaginings of his boyish mind as his undisciplined hand may have written down. If a lad have in him the making of a writer, and his natural propensities break out young, these risks are for him simply part of the common lot. He must learn by sad experience to avoid the rocks amongst which it is his destiny to steer. But to expose a normal non-scribbling youth to such chances is rash, at least, if not criminally reckless.

A SUMMER'S BUDGET OF THE ARTS.

People who have hurried from the city on the supposition that New York would lapse with June into dulness as well as heat have but a faint idea of the resources at hand. There has indeed been a falling off in music and the drama, but in the fine arts, after a very brief lull, the summer claims a season of its own.

We have the Luminarists with us in the works of two eminent and, perhaps one may say, sensational painters of France, Monet and Besnard, who appear in company with two Impressionist painters of our own belonging to the luminarist section, Alden Weir and Twachtman. These pictures are shown with etchings and pastels at the galleries of the American Art Association. The Academy, too, demands that the New-Yorker faithful to his city and the thousands of strangers within our gates shall not forget even in summer the paths toward the Venetian building on Fourth Avenue. The Academy opens a loan collection this week which is different from that shown at the Fine Arts in winter, but hardly less interesting to connoisseurs. Messrs. Henry G. Marquand, James A. Garland, Cornelius Vanderbilt, C. P. Huntington, and Henry Sampson contribute from their private collections pictures by the old and modern masters of Europe. The August Belmont estate displays the finest canvases in the old private gallery familiar to the fashionable people of twenty years ago. Messrs. Samuel P. Avery, Heber R. Bishop, Louis C. Tiffany, and Thomas B. Clarke have added many charming curios of Oriental and Greek *provenance*, so that the Academy never looked more attractive, and indeed perhaps never contained a gathering of greater beauty and value.

The collection of American paintings opened last week by Thomas B. Clarke in the Fifth Avenue Galleries is another effort to please those who find New York "the most comfortable sea-side watering-place in the country." Our cigarette-rolling friends with dark eyes and Castilian complexions who come here from Havana, Mexico, and Central America for change of climate and scene will discover that the United States is not all given up to the chase of the soulless dollar, but possesses artists fit to enter the company of the princes of painting. The smaller gallery is entirely hung with landscapes by George Inness. Never before has this master's work been seen to such advantage, its variety demonstrated so well, its depth and beauty so proved. John La Farge and Winslow Homer are represented in a minor fashion; exquisite landscapes are seen from the easels of Dwight W. Tryon, C. H. Davis, Wyant, Ranger, Albert Ryder, and other native painters, who copy nature in more or less realistic fashion, but also use color to express the emotions that nature excites in us, just as composers use music. The draft upon our local painters to equip the American section of fine arts at the Chicago fair has not appreciably affected the stock of good things their studios contain.

The summer finds the sculptor's art remembered in and about New York as never before. The bronze of Roscoe Conkling, by J. Q. A. Ward, for Union Square; the statue of Nathan Hale, by Frederick Macmonnies, for the City Hall Park; the great bronze doors of Trinity, by Bitter, Niehaus, and Rhind; the portrait of Alexander Hamilton, by Partridge, to stand before the Hamilton Club of Brooklyn, and the same sculptor's equestrian statue of General Grant, also for Brooklyn; the John Ericsson, by Hartley, erected in Battery Park—testify the purpose of the sister cities to adorn themselves with a certain sober magnificence. All these, and others besides, are the spoils of the present summer.

Mindful of the need to concentrate public opinion on the burning question of what should be accepted and what rejected in the way of monumental art, the Sculpture Society has been founded in New York with no exclusive purpose of local usefulness, but with the hope of serving all the continent. The society has lodged the government in seventeen sculptors, architects, amateurs, and leaders in industries requiring sculpture, and the seventeen have elected J. Q. A. Ward President, W. M. Hunt 1st Vice-President, and F. Wellington Ruckstuhl Secretary. Headquarters for the present are at the Fencers' Club. Sculptors will be asked to make the first exhibition of the Sculpture Society, some time next winter, a brilliant and memorable affair. Thus the good work accomplished by the Fine Arts Society for architecture and painting will be carried out in sculpture also, rounding out the trinity of fine arts. In autumn, when the Municipal Art Society prepares to intervene actively in measures for the embellishment of New York, her public buildings, her squares and boulevards, a powerful trio of organizations will be ready to give it advice and support.

·THINGS·TALKED·OF·

During the last three years the wish of the founder of the Graham Institute, of Brooklyn, that on the 22d of February the memory of some great American should be the subject of an address, has been observed with peculiar interest to the readers of Harper's. In 1891 Mr. Curtis spoke of Wendell Phillips. In 1892 the same orator took the place of Mr. Lowell, and delivered the noble oration which we all know. In 1893 Mr. Curtis himself was the subject of an address by Rev. John White Chadwick, which the Harpers have just published in their "Black and White Series." It is a singularly fitting tribute to Mr. Curtis, not merely or chiefly because it is a clear and well-balanced review of his beautiful life, but because the spirit of it is just and discriminating. It is a eulogy in the best sense of that much-abused word, since it is the truth, as the author sees it, well spoken. Mr. Chadwick was an intimate friend of many years of Mr. Curtis, and in close and affectionate sympathy with him in nearly all the things that most engaged his mind and heart, and this sympathy gives a glow of warmth to what he has to say in praise, and the speaker's poetic temperament clothes much of his utterance in the most delicate and touching form. But of greater and rarer value is the firm analysis of Mr. Curtis's character and the finely measured estimate of his work. The address is eulogy, but it is not panegyric. Thus Mr. Curtis would have had it. The richest legacy he has left to those who were influenced by him, whether they had the privilege of his friendship or not, is the silent censorship of his high and pure sense of right, unperverted by prejudice, unpolluted by vanity or selfishness. So it happens that no true man can speak of him that he does not, perhaps unconsciously, pay him the homage of conscientious utterance.

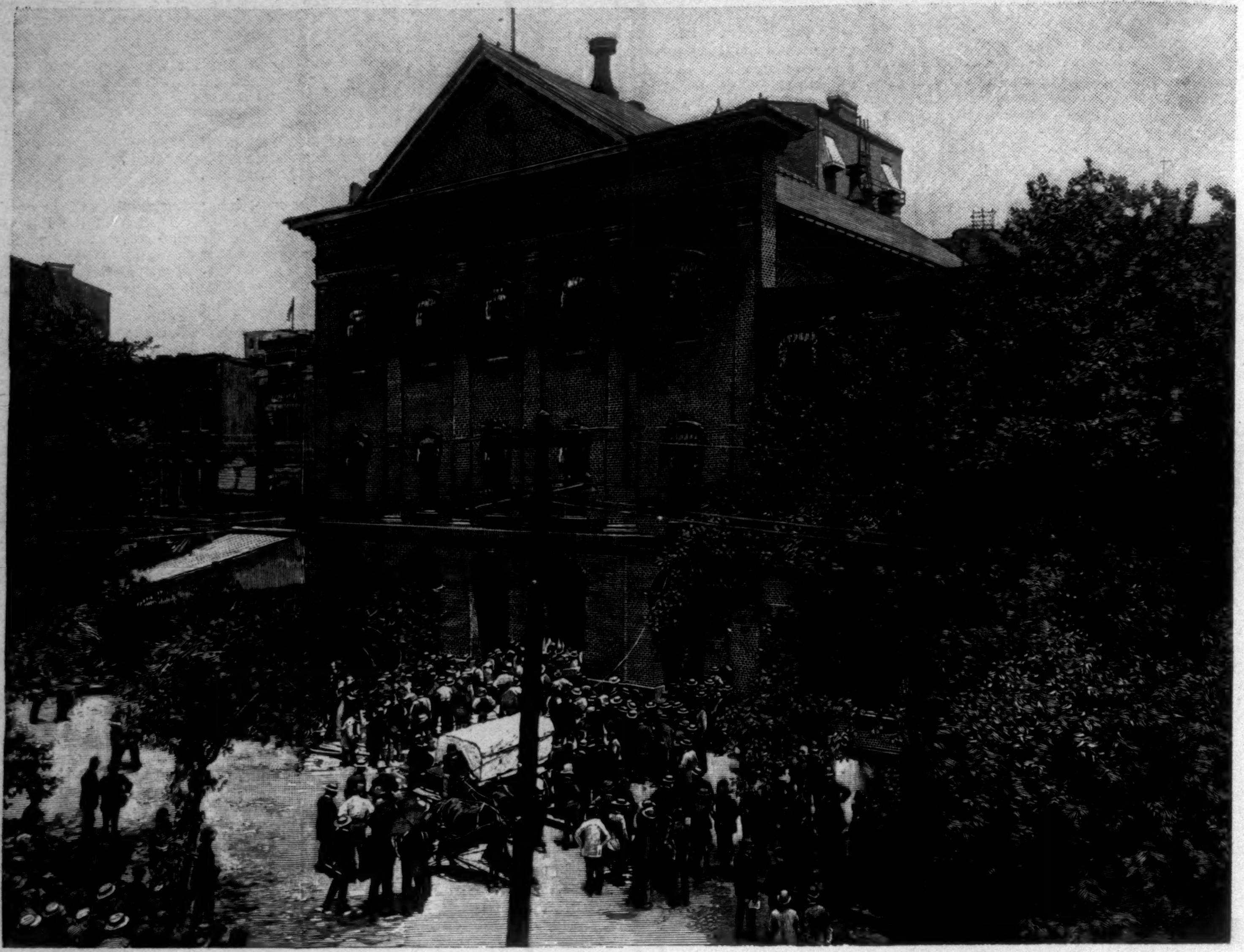
It is barely twenty-eight years since the close of the civil war. The major number of those who fought on either side in that war and survived are men in the "fifties," for both armies were largely made up of young men. When the war ended, the return of the soldiers to the peaceful pursuits of civil life awakened the surprise and admiration of the world. Within a very few years all active animosity between the veterans of the two armies had disappeared, and such ill feeling as persisted was largely due to the efforts of politicians. This year, in a parade on Columbus day at Eagle Pass, in the State of Texas, there was a novel and most interesting procession, in which a double column marched, blue and gray, gray and blue, alternately in each file. These were the United American Veterans, Eagle Pass Camp No. 1, the objects of whose association are defined by its constitution to be "to bring together in common brotherhood those who served in either army during the civil war of 1861 to 1865, and those who served in the American army during the war with Mexico." Another clause is, "To cherish and maintain the institutions of American freedom, and to foster true patriotism and love of country, that the Union, cemented by the blood of their fallen comrades, may endure forever." What a spectacle! Surely no more striking proof of the stability and vitality of the American system, so often doubted by philosophers of other lands, could be imagined.

One of the most interesting meetings of the quadro-centennial year will probably be that of the Pan-American Medical Congress, which will occur, on the invitation of the President, at Washington on the 5th of September next, and will continue four days. The representatives to the congress come from all parts of the Western Hemisphere, including the West Indies and Hawaii. There will be twenty-two sections, each having charge of a specific branch of medical science. Those which are likely to have particular interest from an international point of view are those of General Hygiene and Demography, Marine Hygiene, and Quarantine and Medical Jurisprudence. The languages of the congress will be Spanish, French, Portuguese, and English, and though the last is spoken by the doctors of the United States and Canada, who must necessarily be the large majority, the physicians speaking the other languages will be highly interesting and valued contributors. It would seem that nothing could be more thoroughly cosmopolitan and international than medical science, which deals with interests that spread wherever men live and die. It is well known, moreover, that in the countries to the south of us the physicians are a class of peculiar influence, with whom those of our country can establish relations mutually profitable and instructive. The ties of a common pursuit of science are not hindered by differences of race, and the congress may well contribute not only to the advancement of knowledge, but to a fraternal feeling between all the countries represented. The President of the Congress is Dr. William Pepper, of Philadelphia, and the Secretary-General, Dr. Rud, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

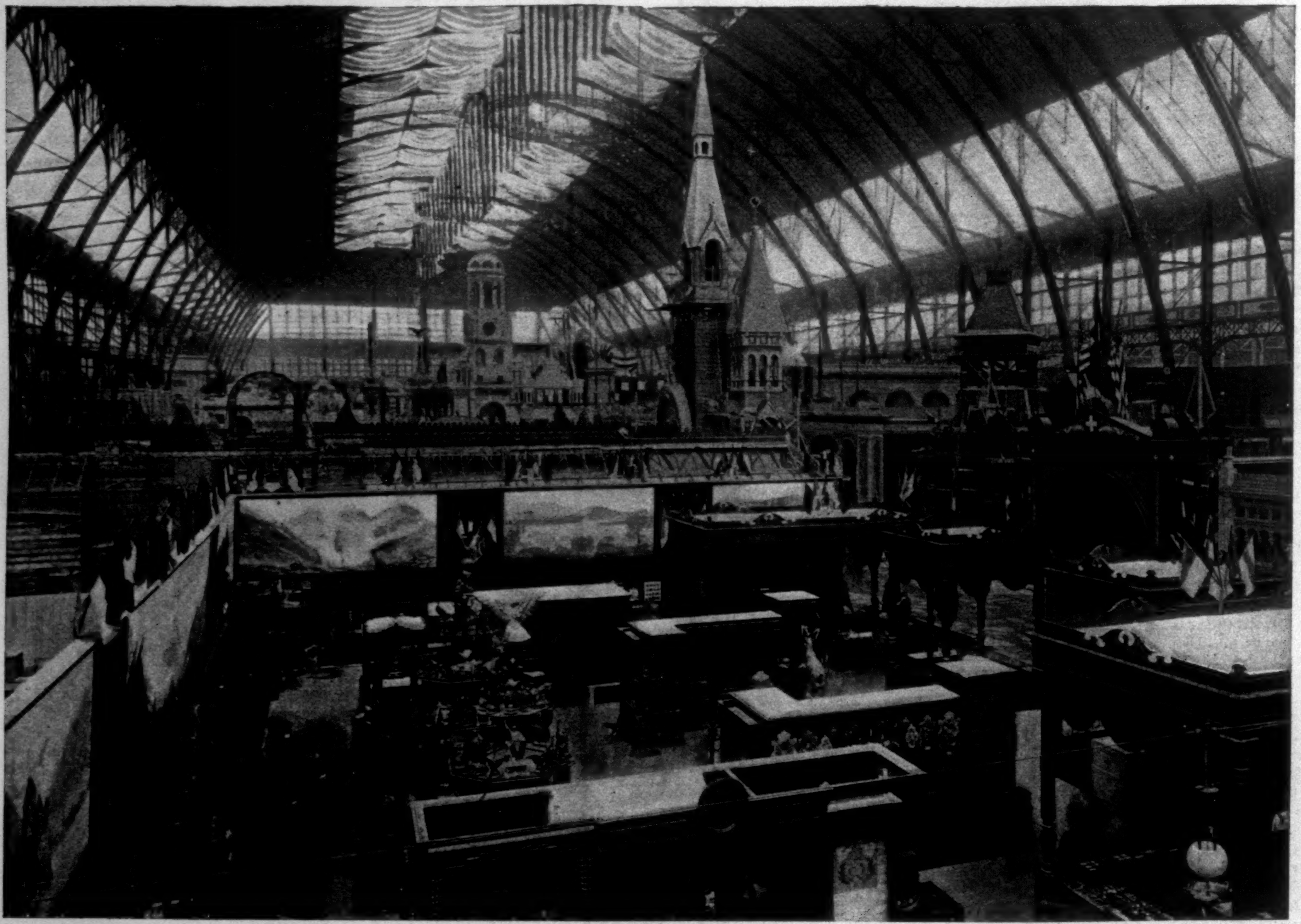
The "event" of the day in Paris is the address of M. Émile Zola before the Students' Association at their annual banquet. For a couple of years now there has been a pronounced reaction among the students against the "naturalism" of the Zola school, and a strong tendency toward a curious form of pietism which to an outsider seems sentimental and fanciful, but which is clearly harmless, and may be beneficent. To Zola, however, it seems a revolt against what he is pleased to call the scientific spirit, and of that he deluded himself with the idea that he is the especial champion and representative. Accordingly, in his address, he took occasion to warn his young hearers against the dangers of faith, and particularly of faith in the unknown future, and in any possibility of a better, juster, sweeter life in the hereafter. He told them that all this was the fruit of cowardice and lassitude, and that the only thing for a true man to do was to labor, labor each day up to the measure of his strength, and let the dreams of the mystics and the pietists alone. He recounted how his own life had been saved from barrenness and despair by the habit of writing a fixed amount each day, no matter how cruel the effort. This has the flavor of stoicism, but none of its substance. The stoic bears the inevitable with the steady pride of invincible self-respect; but mere stubborn toil, with no regard to the object of the effort, does not necessarily involve a particle of the "virtue" which is the stoic's ideal. If the vast mass of M. Zola's product be the price paid for saving him from despair, the public of France may well ask whether the price be not a little high. M. Zola is not likely to take that view, but the unprejudiced lover of purity and beauty, to say nothing of decency, cannot help taking it.

A young gentleman who is not unknown to fame, and does not wish to be, Mr. Oliver Sumner Teall, has just started a project to check the practice of "treating" among those of his class. His class is not very clearly defined, but it need not be so for the purposes of this comment. Suffice it to say that it is made up of young men with money and time enough for social pleasures, and apparently no great amount of original sense. Mr. Teall proposes to get up a pledge to be signed by 5000 young men that they will not "treat" to drink, except under special conditions, which we shall not describe. What they pledge themselves against is what the late Mr. Dickens called the "perpendicular drinking" of the Americans, a practice, we believe, mostly confined to bars. There is something a little pretentious and grotesque in the proportions of Mr. Teall's plans, as there is about most that he does in public, but his idea is a good one, and if he can get 5000 youngsters to sign and stick for a year he will have done a very good thing. "Treating" is almost wholly an American habit, and though it comes of a generous sentiment, it is a very bad habit. When carried to excess it is an extremely vulgar one, and we cannot repress the fear that the boys who think when one of a party of five "treats" that each of the others must do the same—this is Mr. Teall's illustration—are of a type not easily converted into self-respecting and respectable gentlemen. But the effort is worth making.

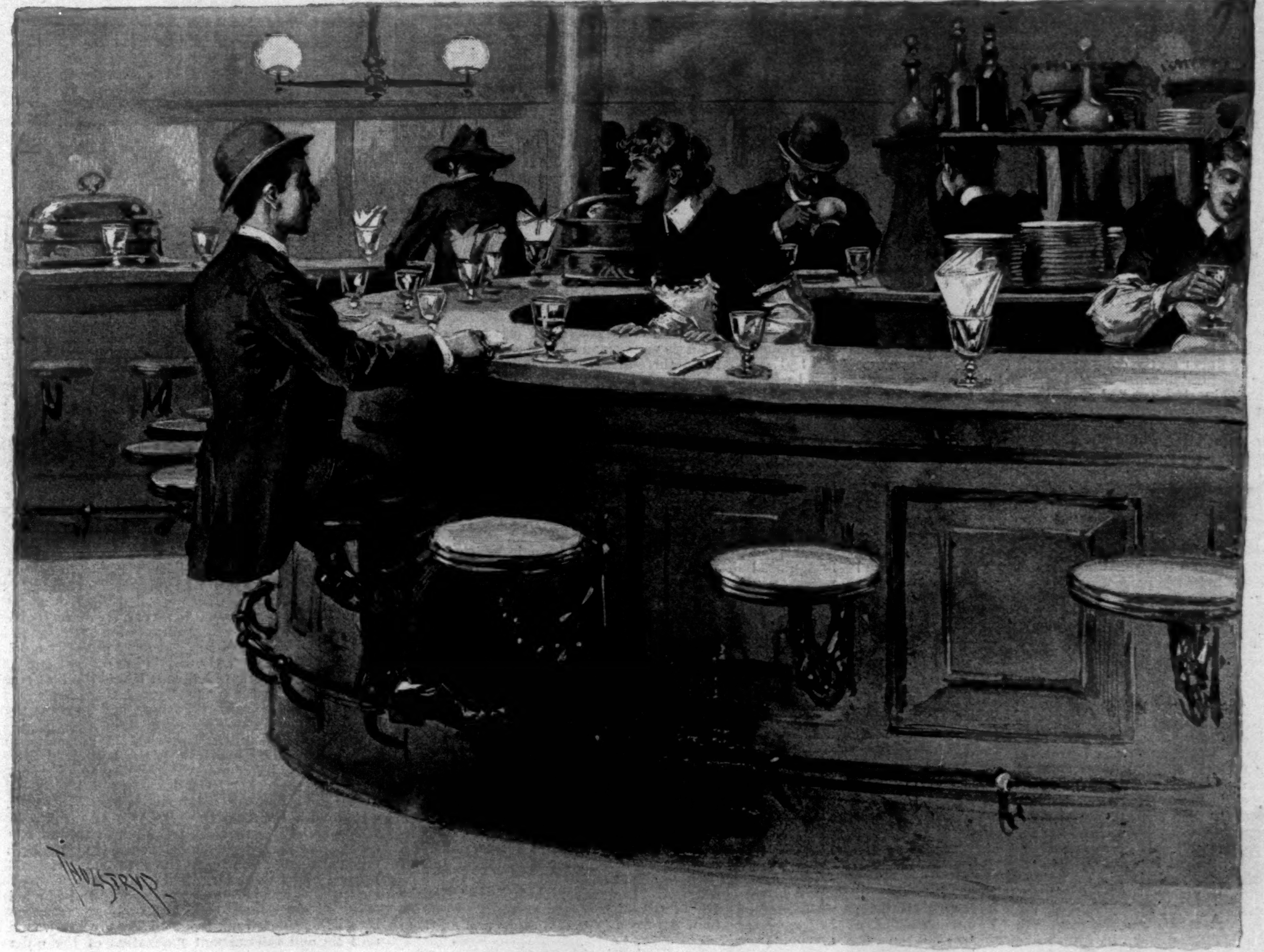
There is a warm place in the hearts of his fellow-Americans for any statesman who shall secure the adoption of a permanent internal revenue tax of say ten dollars a pound on starch in all forms not edible. A device of this sort has driven the Louisiana Lottery out of business, and it is an open question whether starch as used in clothing—at least, men's clothing—is not a more subtle, pervading, and pernicious evil than lottery tickets. From an æsthetic point of view it is, of course, a cardinal sin for which no penance is in this life adequate. From the moralist's point of view the offence is nearly as great, for the sum of wickedness superinduced by starched linen through the irritation of the nerves when the linen is stiff, and the utter loss of self-respect and self-control when the linen is "broken down" by the infernal heats of our inexcusable climate, is not easily calculated. Add to this the proved hygienic ills due to clothing the human form, and especially the important organs of the thorax and the sensitive nerves in the region of the neck, in fabrics that alternate between rigidity and pulpy humidity, and the inherent unworthiness of starch for the use of intelligent human beings is established. If ever there was a case for stern repression by a paternal government, this is one. If this sentiment seems a little heated, we admit that it is so, but we are prepared to sustain the argument against all comers, with statistics or by force and arms, at any time previous to the autumnal equinox.



THE DISASTER AT THE OLD FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON—REMOVING THE BODIES FROM THE RUINS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL.—[SEE PAGE 583.]



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—IN THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARNOLD.



THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.

BY HENRY B. FULLER.

V.

McDOWELL took a cup of tea and an expeditious doughnut standing, and hurried away. Ogden, who had not overcome his habit of leisurely eating, lingered behind.

The Acme occupies a square, low-ceiled room in the hindermost corner of the Clifton; perhaps, with a lower ceiling and a situation on a level lower still, it would have been called the Zenith. It is fitted up with three or four oval counters, and a very close calculation of space allows room for an infinitesimal cashier's desk as well. Each oval encloses a high rack that is heaped with rolls, buns, and cakes, and close to each rack stands a brace of big, cylindrical, nickel-plated tanks that yield coffee and tea. Each oval is fringed with a row of stools—hard-wood tops on a cast-iron base; and in warm weather a pair of fans, which are moved by power supplied from the engine-room, revolve aloft and agitate the stifling atmosphere.

Ogden had spent the past week in trying a succession of dairies, lunch-rooms, and restaurants, and had ended by returning to the Acme, which seemed as decent and convenient as any. He found a place in a quiet corner; ordered his coffee, wheat-muffins, and pie, which all came together; and fell to work with his eye soberly fixed on the shining expanse of the freshly wiped counter. Was he consistent, he wondered, in claiming any great consideration until he could lunch at a higher figure than fifteen or twenty cents?

The girl who had waited on him turned away, but another one, who stood a little distance off, called her back.

"Here, Maggie, change that mince. This gentleman don't want a piece with a whole corner knocked off."

Ogden buttered his muffin without raising his eyes. The second girl herself placed the new cut of pie before him and stood looking down upon him. The hour was a little late, and but three or four customers held places around the counters. Presently she spoke.

"Well, Mister Ogden," she said, with a humorous tartness, "you don't seem to recognize your old friends."

Ogden threw up his head. "Why, Nealie, is this you?" he exclaimed. It was a girl who had helped wait on table at his West Side boarding-house.

She wore a dark dress with a plain white collar. Her brows made two fine straight lines over the yellowish-green of her eyes. She had a strong decided face, yet there was a certain lurking delicacy in the outlines of nose and chin.

"That's what," she replied. "I've made a change, you see. Been here pretty near a week. Come in often?"

"I'm in the building. What was the matter with your other place?"

The girl hitched up her shoulders. "The fact of it is, I couldn't get used to it. Never tried anything like that before."

She looked about cautiously, and then resumed, in a confidential voice:

"To tell the truth, I was just forced into it. Pa and ma didn't want me to come to Chicago, but I couldn't make out that I was going to have any terrible great show there in Pewaukee. I didn't s'pose it was going to be so awful hard to find something to do in a big place like this. But I made up my mind, all the same, that I wasn't going to cave in and go back to Wisconsin—not straight off, anyway. Kept right on trotting about. Any port in a storm, says I. And when I met that good old soul in the intelligence office, that settled it. She only wanted a second girl; but I thought I could stand it."

"Couldn't you?"

"I didn't tell ma, though, that I was living out. I wrote to her that I was clerking—ten dollars a week. Ten dollars! —I'm looking for the girl that gets more than six. I don't know what the folks would have thought if they'd known of me a-being ordered around by a lot of young fellers—run and fetch and carry for a parcel of strangers. It don't come natural to me to be bossed, I can tell you."

"But Mrs. Gore used you well?"

"She did, for a fact. But it wasn't the sort of thing I wanted at all. So I told her I guessed I'd go. 'Well,' says she, sort of resigned like, 'if you've made up your mind to, you must, I s'pose'. She was sorry to lose me, *I* know. She walked to the basement door with me to say good-by—with her specs on top of her head. 'Be a good girl,' says she, 'and let us hear from you'—'most exactly what ma said when I came away. Gray hair, just like ma's, too. 'Yes, ma'am,' says I. I didn't say 'ma'am' because I thought I was a servant—I wasn't; but because she was older, and because I had a respect for her. And so I *shall* let her hear from me; when I get along a little further I'm going to call on her. And I'm going to get along, let me tell you; I haven't jumped on to this hobby-horse of a town just to stay still."

She nodded her head with great decision.

"It broke her all up when you went away," she resumed. "She kept a-wondering for two or three days what the matter was. Poor soul, she's a good deal too tender for this town. What *was* the matter?"

"Nothing. I had friends in a different part of the city."

"In a different paht of the city," she repeated. She spread her palms far apart on the inner edge of the counter and brought her face down almost to a level with his. "D'you know, I always liked the way you talked; it's real genteel. And you say 'cahn't,' too. And 'dinnuh' and 'suppuh.' Hardly anybody says 'cahn't' around here—except actors. Say, I went the other night. It cost fifty cents; but I was just wild to see a real out-and-out city show—couldn't hold in any longer. They all talked kind of artificial, except one man. He had a bad part—erring son, sort o'. He talked right out in plain, every-day style, and he was about the only one I really cared for. Of course, though, I don't like bad men better than good ones. But your way is nice, after all."

"Thanks."

"Well, I'm in a different par-r-t of the city myself." She gave a comprehensive glance over the sizzling coffee-urns. "Second in command." She tapped her breast-bone. "I don't think so everlasting much of Duggan here, but he recognizes talent. It didn't take him long to find out what I was, and he raised me. I boss, and help around when there's a rush, and now and then I take the cashier's place. It's all just like a store. Oh," she proceeded, after a shrewd look at him, "I know well enough what you've been thinking all this time. But here's your counter and there's your goods; and people just say what they want and get a check for it and pay at the door. No boarding-house in that, is there? They don't bulldoze *us* very much."

The door opened and a belated clerk came in.

"Here, Gretchen," she called to one of her force, "see what this man wants." The new-comer dropped mechanically on to one of the stools and submissively took the damaged pie that had been taken away from Ogden. He had ordered apple.

"Most of 'em are tractable enough," she commented.

"I've got ten girls here," were her next words, "and they're quite a fair lot. But that moon-eyed German girl over there—"

"Gretchen?"

"I *call* her Gretchen; she don't look as if she knew beans, does she? Well, she don't. She was going on in the pantry yesterday about the rights of man. I knew she was due to break a saucer pretty soon. Well, she did. And we've got a Swede girl here who would be the best all-around one of the lot if it wasn't for her temper. All of a sudden she gets mad, and she stays mad, and you can't for the life of you find out what it was that made her mad. Those three Irish girls are pretty smart. H'm, yes; they were rigging up a strike Tuesday. They wanted fifty cents a week more. They found out their want at a quarter to twelve. 'All right, girls,' says I, 'you can go out if you want. Our regular people will kick and go somewhere else for a few days, perhaps; but the first rainy noon they'll all come in again, and they'll see that things are running all right with a new crew, and after that they'll stay.' Goodness me! I've heard more about rights and less about duties this last week than I ever did before in my life. My uncle says it's the same with him. He's the engineer here. He really got me this place. If you look down through that grating out there as you go along you may see him. It's talk and argue all the time—his men have more half-baked notions than you can think of, and he's kept on the k'jump all the time looking after things. Do *I* kick? Do *I* squeal? Not much. And if I had come in from outside with a different language, maybe, and a different training and a different set of notions, and if I had been a real dyed-in-the-wool, down-trodden peasant, and all my folks the same for nobody knows how far back, perhaps I'd find some reason then for not keeping abreast with the tolerably smart lot of people that had let me in."

She cast a lofty eye over her various underlings. "Kind of a plain lot, ain't we? You know there's one place like this in town where they won't take a girl unless she's pretty. Their cashier is a regular bute. But I wouldn't work in such a place; no, indeed."

She paused. Ogden made no response. She eyed him with a sharp impatience.

"Not but what I could, though, if I had a mind," she remarked, with a vindictive little explosion.

"No, I couldn't, either," she added suddenly; "they're all brunettes this year."

And she laughed forgivingly.

"And you don't see me a-wearing rings and chains," she pursued; "I guess not. And I sha'n't, either, until I finish my course."

"Course?" Was she hinting at the close of her earthly career?

"Yep. Short-hand. But don't hurry away." He had dropped his feet to the floor. "Duggan went right off after the rush, and I guess I've been hard pushed enough to enjoy a little restful conversation. Short-hand and type-writing—that's what I'm steering for. I'll stand this for a while—until I can do eighty words. I've begun at the Athenæum already. I don't see why anybody should want to take 'lessons' in type-writing; it's practice you want. Same with the other. Well, I'm practising hard enough. I-shall-be ready for *b*-usiness in-three-months," she traced with her finger on the counter, giving considerable pressure to the "b" in "business." "I'm ahead of the class now.

"I'm educated, too," she continued. "I taught school one term up in Waukesha County. I know how to spell—you ought to see how some of those girls write out their notes. And I can punctuate—semicolons just as easy as anything else. Say, do you know Mrs. Granger S. Bates?"

"I've seen her name in the papers," said Ogden, emptying his glass and feeling in his pocket for his handkerchief.

"Sorry we don't give napkins. Well, she was a school-teacher, and look at her now! I went by her house on Calumet Avenue last Sunday. She's got about everything. She is one of the patronesses of the Charity Ball. Still, I suppose she must be getting along in years—her husband has come to be the Lord High Muck-a-muck of Most Everything; I've read about him for years. Hope *I* haven't got to wait till I'm fifty to have a good time."

Ogden was shuffling his feet on the floor.

"Won't you have another piece of pie? No? Well, try a cream-puff, then; it 'll be my treat. And do take time with it. Anything but fifty men eating away like a house afire."

Only one other customer remained. The Swede girl began to collect the cream-jugs.

"I don't care so extra much about Mrs. Bates, though. But there's Mrs. Arthur J. Ingles, three-hundred-and-something Ontario Street—do you know *her?* Now there's a woman that interests me. She's in the papers every day; she goes everywhere. She's 'way up, I guess; I'd be wild if she wasn't. She was at a dance last Tuesday, and she gave a reception the day before, and her sister is going to be married next month. It's easy to follow folks since the papers began to print their names all bunched up the way they do, and Mrs. Arthur J. is one that I've followed pretty close. She must be young—I never see his name except with hers. I guess he's just a society dude. Well, dudes are all right; you've got to have 'em in a big town. You wouldn't have the whole million and a half of us be grubbers?"

"I suppose not."

"She gave a dinner last week. Covers were laid for ten—what does that mean?"

"Probably that she and her husband had eight people."

"She wore heliotrope satin. Ornaments, diamonds. Great, wasn't it? One of our girls brought down a book this morning about Lady Guinevere. Guinevere—your grandmother! What are we to Lady Guinevere, or what is Lady Guinevere to us? But when it comes to people living in your own town, why, that's getting down to business."

"Yes, let us talk about realities—Balzac."

"I should say so," she assented, missing the allusion. "Now, then, why shouldn't *I* be wearing heliotrope satin to dinner some time?—if not under the name of Cornelia McNabb, then under some other as good or better. Anyway, I'm going to keep my hands as nice as I can: a girl never knows what she may have a chance to become. I don't imagine it will disfigure me much to run a type-writer. Dear me," she sighed, "how much time I've lost! If I hadn't been such a darned goose, I might have begun Pitman at home a year ago."

She reached down under the counter and pulled a newspaper up out of a dark corner.

"Some lunch-rooms have papers around—as many as a dozen, sometimes; but Duggan says this place is too cramped for him to give people any inducement to dilly-dally. It's eat and run. So I have to buy my own. This is the first chance I've had to look at it. I wonder what she's been up to now?"

She opened the paper and ran down its columns with an expert eye.

"Yes, here she is, first pop. *Mr. and Mrs.*—Cluett, Parker, Ingles. My sakes, how I envy that woman! Course I don't want that she should come down here and wash my dishes, but wouldn't I like to go up there and eat off of hers! What did she wear?—it don't tell. Where was it?—at Mrs. Walworth Floyd's—a small dinner. Don't know them. How about the *Misses?*—Jameson, Parker, Wentworth—she's a great goer too. And here are a few *Messrs.*—Johnson, J. L. Cluett, George Ogden—"

She stopped abruptly.

"You?"

There was a world of reproach in her voice.

"Yes."

"And you sit there and never let on! You're as mean as you can be. What is she like? Tell me, do. Ain't she young, now? What did she wear?"

"I didn't go. I had a trip to the West Side."

"Your name's here."

"The reporters get the names in advance. Sometimes they copy them from cards or regrets."

"And you wasn't there?"

"No."

"Too bad! But you've seen her?"

"Never."

"How hateful! But you was really invited?"

"Yes."

"H'm!" she said, deliberately; "I see now why you moved. I don't blame you. I'm trying to get along too. We're both in the same boat."

Ogden rose.

"What else is there?" she asked herself, looking over other columns. "Here's a marriage; it's in Milwaukee. Don't know whether it's a society item or not. Who are they?—J. Russell Vibert is the man, and Mary Adelaide Brainard is the woman. Both of Chicago—know 'em?"

Ogden sat down suddenly.

She eyed him curiously.

"That's the first sign I've seen that you was willing to stay a single minute longer than you had to. You can go now, whenever you want. We've got to clean up. So long!"

VI.

Ogden had been balked in his first social advance by the inconsiderate and unwarranted demands of the Brainards. He failed on Proposition No. 1, but its attendant corollary he disposed of after the proper interval. He had missed the dinner, but he accomplished the dinner call.

He was moving around his room in his shirt sleeves; he had the leisurely air of one whose social orbit was so small as to involve no relations with the courses of cabs and of street cars. To set himself right with the Floyds he had but to step around the corner.

His room was rather small and cramped, but he had preferred indifferent accommodations in a good house to good accommodations in an indifferent house—just as he would have chosen an indifferent house in a good neighborhood to a better house in a poorer one. His quarters, however, were well enough for a single young man of moderate pretensions. He had space for a three-quarter bed, a bureau, a wash-stand which displayed a set of pink-flowered crockery and two towels, a cane-seated chair, and a pair of bookshelves on the wall. And by means of a good deal of dexterous manœuvring he contrived to extract some comfort from an undersized rocker. His decorations were principally photographs, which showed to the extent common under the circumstances. Some of these were grouped in twos and threes, in frames faced with Chinese silk; they helped to achieve the disordered and over-crowded effect that the present taste in house-furnishing aims at, and can always accomplish in a back hall bedroom.

The photographs stood in the position in which he had first placed them a month and a half ago, although the recent arrival of some of the originals had given their shadows an altered importance. Everybody knows of the inertia that overtakes decorative detail, even when portable. There were the pictures of his father and his mother, arranged in a pair. His father offered a placid, gray-bearded face; it seemed rather forceless, though that effect may have been due to retouching; yet, independent of any practical processes, it was the face of a man who obviously could not have risen in advance to any adequate conception of the Western metropolis.

The face of his mother was serious, strenuous. She had in some degree the semi-countrified aspect of one who has run a quiet course in a quiet quarter of a minor town.

His sister's picture had been taken in the East just before her starting for her new home. It was now in the hands of Ogden's next-door neighbor, who had come in carrying a choice of white ties, and who now wove around it a contemplative cloud of tobacco smoke from his brier-wood pipe. He was a young man with a high forehead and a pair of shrewd but kindly brown eyes.

"A mighty pretty girl," Brower said, heartily. "Get the right kind of a New England face, and you can't do much better. I must haul out my own photographs and fix them up some time."

Brower kept his collection in his trunk, along with his shirts and underwear, generally. He used his bureau drawers for collars and cuffs, and for a growing accumulation of newspapers, magazines, and novels. He had been in the house two years, yet his trunk had never been unpacked and put away. He was an adjuster for an insurance company, and was subject to sudden calls to remote localities, in accordance with the doings of the busy monster that the press knows as the "fire fiend." If Isaac Sobrinski, off in Des Moines, had the misfortune to be burned out, at the close of a dull season or in the face of brisk and successful competition, then Des Moines was the place to which Brower immediately posted. He estimated the damage on the building, figured the salvage on socks and ulsters, and endeavored to decide, so far as lay in his powers, whether the catastrophe had been inflicted by Providence or had been precipitated by Sobrinski's own match-box. However, he never carried anything except his valise on such excursions; the general state of his trunk is to be accepted simply as the mental index of a constant and hurried traveller.

"Yes, she's a mighty pretty girl," he repeated, thoughtfully. "Where have they gone?"

"Oh, not far. There's been a good deal of travelling done already. They just went up to Milwaukee; Eugene had something to see about there. They'll be back to-morrow, I expect."

"Milwaukee, eh? That's come to be quite the fashion, hasn't it? Some folks go there after they're married, and some of them to *be* married. We had one in our office a week or two ago—Vibert. Have you met him?"

"It's in your office he is, then, is it? No, I've never met him. I've seen him and heard about him. Is he much thought of?"

"Well, the office doesn't have a great deal to say to a man as long as he keeps hours and attends to his work—when his position isn't responsible, I mean. What are you looking for—whisk-broom? Here; I'm sitting on it, I guess."

"I suppose he does attend to his work?"

"Oh, so-so. But a little break like that doesn't help a man any. He struck high, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Wonder what he's got to keep her on? Great question, all that, ain't it? She's a rich girl, I hear. Subject for debate: is it safer to marry a rich girl or a poor girl—for a young man in moderate circumstances, I mean?"

"Oh dear," said Ogden, sitting down on the edge of the bed, helplessly, "if you're going back to *that* chestnut!"

"Well, it's timely," rejoined Brower, knocking the ashes of his pipe into the cover of the soap-dish, "and always will be. Pro: if the girl's rich, she'll have had things, and got used to them, and perhaps tired of them. If the girl's poor, she'll be ravenous after her long starve-out, and will expect her husband to feed her with everything."

"Lay on."

"Con: if the girl's rich, she'll expect all the comforts and luxuries she has been used to at home. If she's poor, she'll have had some sense ground into her; she'll know how to manage and contrive. So there it is. What's your idea?"

"No general rule. Depends on circumstances."

"What does?"

"The girl. To begin with."

"The girl depends on circumstances. And after?"

"After? Oh, then circumstances depend on the girl."

"H'm! Can't lay down any general law—same as with little Johnny. Pshaw! You go to the foot."

But they both agreed on one point, as young men always do when they discuss this standard subject: they stood together on the assumption that such a venture concerned only the two people primarily involved.

Brower preceded Ogden into the hallway; he stood with the toe of one slipper on the heel of the other. "Well, remember me to the swells."

"Oh, shucks!" said George, turning back and laughing.

He walked down and out rather sedately, and picked his way over the muddy sidewalks with his thoughts fixed on the two recent marriages. That in his own family had just occurred under such disadvantages as must prevail in a disorganized household, and with the infliction of such discomforts as will sometimes be undergone by people who, while not in society, still feel impelled to have such a function proceed after the fashion that society prescribes. Kittie Ogden was duly married, then, with a certain regard to cards, carriages, caterers, and the rest; and the feast was graced by a number of McDowell's family and friends—people of a fairish sort, who called for little comment in either way. At least, little comment was bestowed by Ogden, whose principal thought was that his sister was now the wife of a fellow of some means and ability, and who felt that it would not come amiss to have a good business man in the family.

At the Floyds' he found the other wedding the subject of much comment, more or less discreet. On the other hand, the affair in his own family received but a mere civil mention; the Ogdens, he felt, must be only an insignificant little group, after all. Must they—must he—always remain so?

The Floyds occupied a snug little house which filled a chink between two bigger and finer ones, and commanded a view of the back yard of a third, which was bigger and finer still. Mrs. Floyd had lately begun to fill a chink in the social world as well by having an "evening." She had approached the idea with a good deal of deliberation, and she had achieved something very small and quiet. She overcame her husband's weakness for knowing people and inviting them to the house; she was not after a deluge, but a drop; and if her tardy distillation did not equal the perfumes of the fragrant East, still it was the best result to be arrived at under the circumstances.

He found the Fairchilds there, and he came upon Fairchild and Floyd smoking, *sub rosa*, in a secluded corner of the library, which was furnished in a sombre and solid fashion. In the Floyd family the household divinity was the lace curtain, whose susceptibility to offence from the fumes of tobacco is well known; her high-priestess was Mrs. Floyd, and her chief victim was Walworth. Associated with the two smokers was young Freddy Pratt, whose solicitude regarding Brainard's mental state on the occasion of his daughter's call at the bank has been already touched upon, and who was now puffing a cigarette with a learned and expert air. This attitude was displeasing to Ogden, who was perhaps over-disposed to feel official differences on social occasions; but no oppressive sense of his own subordinate rank troubled Freddy Pratt, who had but a feeble and intermittent realization of the orders of the business hierarchy, or indeed of anything else.

"It was a matter that concerned just her and him," Fairchild was saying as Ogden entered, with a contemplative regard fastened on the lengthening ash of his cigar. "It was nobody else's business."

He stopped. He had spoken in a low, quiet voice, but he had conveyed unmistakably the presence of quotation marks.

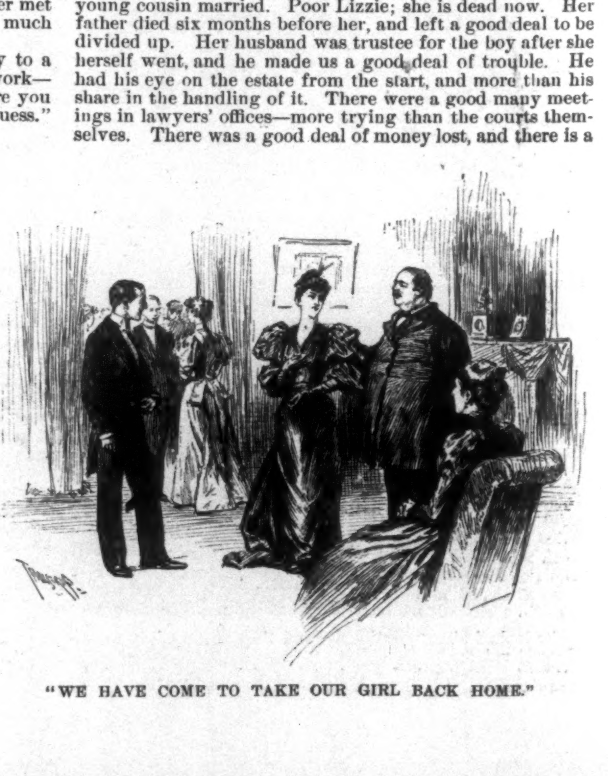
"I called on 'em the other night," volunteered Freddy Pratt, unabashedly. His perky little nose was tipped in the air, and his eyes were closed to the two fine slits that denote the complete enjoyment of the smoker. "I wasn't going to stand off. They're at the Northumberland—big name, but not much else. Ragged matting in the halls, and the janitor didn't look very slick. I guess they've rented ready furnished. Mayme was real glad to see me. But *he* was rather grumpy, I thought."

"Everybody ought always to be glad to see *you*, Freddy," smiled Walworth, with a caressing irony.

"I suppose," resumed Fairchild, thoughtfully, "that the human family will always go on considering a wedding as a joyous occasion. It always has; it always must—hope springs eternal."

Ogden wondered what other view there might be to take. Everybody had seemed lively and happy enough when Kitty was married.

"But there's the other side—the side that turns to view with a consideration of the complicated relations of a good many new and diverse elements—new people coming in. We had a case in our own family some years ago, when my young cousin married. Poor Lizzie; she is dead now. Her father died six months before her, and left a good deal to be divided up. Her husband was trustee for the boy after she herself went, and he made us a good deal of trouble. He had his eye on the estate from the start, and more than his share in the handling of it. There were a good many meetings in lawyers' offices—more trying than the courts themselves. There was a good deal of money lost, and there is a



"WE HAVE COME TO TAKE OUR GIRL BACK HOME."

good deal of feeling that will never be got over. He traded on his wife's memory all through. Yet the family welcomed him very cordially and trustfully; we thought the poor girl was going to be so happy. She was; she never knew."

Ogden sighed; this was dismal matter.

"Oh, well," continued Fairchild, resuming his cigar, with an air of passing to lighter topics, "this can't apply here. All of us are happily married or are going to be—"

Freddy Pratt nonchalantly blew an ineffable smoke ring across the room; Walworth slipped around the table to close the last inch of crack in the door.

"Oh, dear, yes!" he exclaimed.

"—and none of us are being troubled through relations by marriage."

The door was shut, but the penetrating voice of Ann Wilde came through it clearly, and Walworth winced.

"Oh, dear, no!" he protested.

"I should say not," chimed in Freddy Pratt, with his self-satisfied little ba-a.

The cigars were ending. "Come, let us go out to the others," said Floyd.

In the drawing-room Ogden presently encountered Jessie Bradley and her parents. The girl herself appeared as dressed as the occasion could warrant, but her father and mother wore the every-day habiliments in which he had first seen them, a fortnight before, on the occasion of a call at Hinsdale. They had an easy-going aspect, as if they hardly cared to put themselves out greatly. They were present in the triple capacity of relatives of the hostess, of suburbanites, and of body-guard to escort their daughter back home after another of her frequent visits in town, and their effect was quite provisional and transitory.

Mrs. Bradley was a pleasant woman whose face was full of the fine lines of experience, and whose hair had thinned greatly without changing its dry sandy brown. She wore an old-fashioned tortoise-shell comb. She met Ogden here precisely as she had met him in her own house. He noticed presently that she treated everybody else in exactly the same fashion, and he learned subsequently that she had practically one invariable manner for all times, places, and people. It was a manner that he found very quiet, simple, straightforward, and friendly. It showed that she valued herself, and was also disposed to accord a good value to anybody else. It seemed to say, as plainly as words, "The Lord is the maker of us all; so let's have no more fuss about it." It was the good American manner in full bloom.

Her husband had a jovial eye, a grizzled mustache, a rotund polished forehead, and cheeks that hung downward fatly into his big round short neck. He appeared to have valued his peace of mind sufficiently to preserve it, and to be satisfied with the moderate success that comes from moderate effort. He wore a short-waisted, double-breasted frock-coat, and there were no wrinkles in it, either front or back; he would have found it impossible to thrust his plump hand in between any two of the buttons.

He was given in the directory as "Bradley, Danl. H., secty. and treas. Darrell & Bradley P't'g & Lith'g Co." He had been one of the organizers of the corporation, but had since yielded the lead to others of more push and means. He had a moderate salary and a small block of the stock. Since he was assisting the business as an officer, rather than directing it as an individual, he had little personal annoyance from typographical unions and from the paper manufacturers' trusts. As for "pi" and proof-readers' errors, matters which have a power to make some men agonize, he merely laughed at them. The concern, besides its central establishment, had a few retail branches placed here and there through the business district; one of them, on the ground-floor of the Clifton, supplied the La Salle Street banks and insurance offices with ledgers, ink, and blotting-pads.

He had an acre of ground and a two-story frame house at Hinsdale, and Ogden remembered the small greenhouse where he fed his craze for chrysanthemums.

"We have come to take our girl back home," he said to Ogden, as he laid his plump hand lightly on his daughter's shoulder. "That is, if she can make up her mind to go with us."

"Just us two all alone in the house," added her mother, with a humorous pathos. "No chick nor child."

Jessie laughed and shook out a bit of her frivolous finery. Her face had a tired look, but motion seemed more restful to her than rest itself.

Ogden canvassed the three. Whence could this girl have got her supple leanness, her light, gay, rapid, incisive air, her aspenlike quiverings of nervous force? Not from her parents. From the March winds, perhaps, that sweep down from Mackinaw over the limy and choppy expanse of Lake Michigan; from the varied breezes, hot and cold, that scour the prairies on their way from scorched-up Texas or from the snow fields beyond Manitoba.

"Not even a relative," pursued her father; "not one in all the country round—except Frances. All our people are down East," he continued, addressing Ogden more directly. "They write every so often to learn if we are millionaires yet. We always have to say 'no,' and that discourages them. They stay where they are."

"But Jessie goes around to look after them," contributed her mother, with combined complacency and reproach. "She goes to Pittsfield and Nantucket and everywhere. People are beginning, now, to ask her up to Wisconsin, summers. And sometimes Florida."

The girl shrugged her shoulders in a fidgety fashion.

"Oh, well, mamma," she said, "I have to circulate. Let's circulate some now," she suggested, turning to Ogden. "I'll be ready to go when you are," she called back to her father.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

·THIS·BUSY· ·WORLD·

WHISKEY and water appear to have grappled with one another in the Whiskey Trust, and water has won. The trust is practically dissolved, and it was water that did it. And now are we to have cheaper whiskey; and if so, with what results? It would seem that they should be favorable. Men who do not drink whiskey as it is, are not likely to acquire the habit merely because whiskey costs less. Such men are used to think it dear at any price. Neither will the men who drink only so much of it as they think is good for them increase their consumption, though they may drink a better quality, to the net advantage of their insides. As for men who at present drink all the whiskey they can get, it is probable that their consumption will increase as whiskey gets cheaper, but inasmuch as the more they drink the less able they will be to earn money, even their thirst will presently yield to automatic regulation. There still remains the case of men with incomes who are bent on drinking themselves to death, but cheaper whiskey may help them too by quickening the process, so that it is a fair deduction that the collapse of the Whiskey Trust will make for the general good.

The habit of funeral addresses, though it has waned perceptibly during the last three decades, has by no means fallen into disuse. Sophisticated people of refined sensibilities have very generally concluded that it is sorrow enough to have a funeral in the family without any remarks; but there are multitudes still who do not find death sufficiently harrowing in itself, and like to have their feelings worked up at the funeral by the minister. Others, too, there are to whom an address at a funeral seems a necessary evil that precedent compels, and which it would be unseemly for a conscientious mourner to seek to have averted.

An interesting example of what an able-bodied funeral address can do under favorable circumstances was given on the 4th of June at Williamsburg. It was a church funeral of a G. A. R. drummer. During the address the young son of the deceased fainted, the widow became hysterical, and another mourner was seized by an epileptic attack of such violence that four men had to take him into the vestry and tie him down. Two other men then fainted; and, finally, the rector had to close his remarks and allow the rest of the services to be conducted by a brass band.

This is an instructive case, and illustrates that at funerals where the mourners are truly mournful an address, like Marjorie Fleming's seven times seven, is what nature itself can't endure. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand there is no occasion for an oration about the person deceased. In the exceptional case, where there is something to be said that insists upon expression, the better, and in these days the more approved, practice is to have the funeral and the remarks separate. That was lately done, for example, in the case of Bishop Brooks, of whom so much was spoken that it was a gain to hear, but whose touching and majestic funeral was not marred by remarks.

What a pleasant place of residence New York will be after the prophecies of the Chicago papers have all come true, and population, commerce, manufactures, and capital have elected to centre in the hustling Metropolis of Meat! How cheap rents will be then! What numbers of admirable dwellings whose owners have gone West will welcome tenants for the cost of taxes and repairs! The elevated railroads and cable-cars will no longer be crowded. Men will go fishing in the East River, and it will be possible to realize what Philadelphia might have been if it had reached the limits of urban splendor before it went to sleep. Take the rush and the expensiveness out of New York, and leave the palaces and parks and all the modern improvements, and what an incomparable place it would make for persons with fixed incomes and contemplative turns of mind to dwell in!

Meanwhile, and pending the possibility that Chicago's expectations may not all be realized, it would seem as if Sioux City, in Iowa, might afford a fair notion of what a full-grown modern city is like when all it lacks is people. Sioux City, it seems, thanks to the aggressive enterprise of its promoters, has all the modern appointments in the way of office buildings, elevated and other railroads, streets, parks, and electricity that would be needed by a population of some hundreds of thousands, while as yet it has only about forty thousand people to enjoy them. While it is waiting for the rest of the people to move in it ought to make a very attractive place of habitation for people whose energies are better adapted to cope with the requirements of towns where the work has already been done than of those that merely invite labor.

A dry-goods merchant advertises in a western New York paper that he is selling "Reveries of a Bachelor, Dream Life, Scarlet Letter, and all that order at 8 cts., Webster's Dictionary for 50 cts., and the Emerson tan-shoe for men for $3 50." Certainly these are great days for American literature; nor is it altogether surprising that in a recent vote on the ten greatest works by American authors Emerson easily led all the rest.

A new feature of the *Critic* is a review of the magazines as they come out, with short extracts from the articles in them. It is a good feature, and worth all the considerable space it takes up. There are too many good magazines in these days, even without counting those of British derivation, for the ordinary ambitious reader to deal with without help. The development of magazines whose special province it is to tell what is in the other magazines attests the demand to which the *Critic* proposes to minister. It has the advantage of its monthly rivals in being able to give the magazine news of the month while it is still fresh. After the July magazines are out the obligation of learning what was in the June magazines is perceptibly modified, but the *Critic* tells what is in the June magazines while the issues for that month are still on the news-stands. A high-class American magazine is always worth reviewing—is better worth space and attention, indeed, than the average book.

A residence in the remote parts of the earth is no bar, in these days, to the celebrity of a man of true distinction. Emin Pacha lives in the wilds of Africa, yet the news of his death comes as regularly to the newspapers as though he had a telegraph instrument and a special correspondent in his office. So with Mr. R. L. Stevenson, who lives in Samoa, and is *in extremis* in the newspapers about every six weeks.

Mr. Stevenson, who, in fact, seems as much alive as he ever was, has been telling a correspondent of the *Westminster Review* some interesting things about his art. He lays great stress on the importance of making each word and occurrence in a story come in its proper place. "In literature," he says (and it is worth while for all the book-reviewers to listen), "if a man has every word and every sentence and every subject in the right order, and has no other gift, he will be a great writer." It would seem as if to have every word in the right order constitutes "style," but the choice of words has at least as much to do with style as the order of them, and Mr. Stevenson expressly declares that an author's "clauses may be unmusical, his words colorless and inexpressive, and yet, if the order is perfect throughout, he will be a great writer."

It is also interesting, and somewhat of a relief, to learn that Mr. Stevenson, though a reader and admirer of Thomas Hardy, "could not manage *Tess*," but "found in it flagrant contradiction with all I know of human nature."

E. S. MARTIN.

EDWIN BOOTH.

"Ay, every inch a king!"

NOW is the night foreshadowed of our fears;
The curtain falls, the lights fade, one by one.
Darkness and silence from the widowed stage
Proclaim the great and final act is done.
Vain are the thundered plaudits of the house,
The laurel wreath, the players' loud acclaim;
Thou art grown dumb to clamoring for response,
Deaf to the ringing of thy jewelled name.
Thy crystal soul hath traversed back the pathway whence it came.

They who the virtues of the mighty dead
Enwrap in majesty of broidered verse,
Call upon Nature, in her solitude.
His beauties and her sorrow to rehearse.
The forest and the field, the fitful wind
They challenge, and the ever-sounding wave,
To seek his spirit in the vast afar,
And drop their dews on his enrichèd grave,
Crowning the poet's lyric woe with some forlorner stave.

Greater than all the universe of space
The mimic world thou didst thyself create,
The subtile sphere, compact of passion's breath,
Where Nature bade thee hold imperial state!
There shall the mourning garments be outworn;
There shall the desolate their dirges sing;
No princeling may ascend the vacant throne,
Laying new triumph's gall to sorrow's sting.
"The King is dead!" we cry, but nevermore, "Long live the King!"

Of all the stops of mortal harmony
Master thou art forever, though in death.
The melancholy of the Dane is thine,
The poisonous blighting of Iago's breath.
Thou didst take on foul Richard's humpbacked soul,
And clasp it close, yet do thine own no wrong;
As 'twere the mantle of Sir Caradoc,
Unerring witness sung in ancient song,
Destined to prove the pure of heart more pure, the strong more strong.

Slave of self-conjured evil, Cawdor's thane!
The jester, bitter-hearted, striking home!
The fox-robed cardinal, creating France,
And launching forth the curse of sovereign Rome!
Gallant Don Cesar, lord of ragged lace!
These wert thou in their turn, and sorrow-blind,
Alas! thou wert the doited father, too,
Pelted by heaven, and stabbed by human kind;
Heartbreakingly confest, "I am not in my perfect mind!"

Such was thy Protean form, but what wert thou?
A changing cloud, content to borrow hue
From lordly sun-rays that o'errule it quite,
And thus with color and with form endue?
Nay, rather let the time's remembrancing,
When it doth con anew thy mortal span,
Ignore thine art, if such despite may be,
But bow in awe before thy nature's plan,
Crying with trumpet tone, to alien ears, "This was a man!"

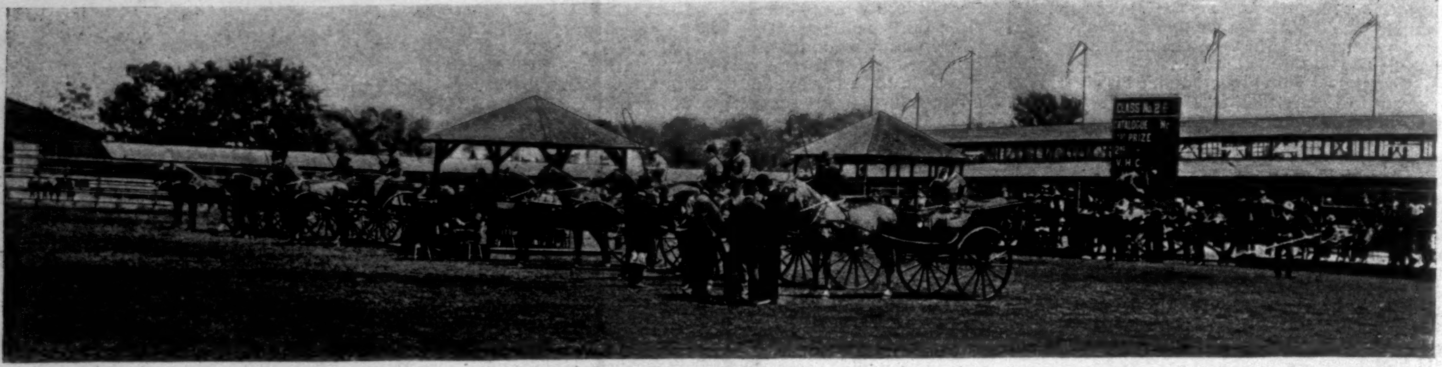
Thine was the guilt of filching heavenly fire;
Wherefore Jove's eagle fed upon thy heart!
Yet never word nor strangled cry betrayed
Responsive agony beneath the smart.
A thousand hovering spectres menaced thee
Bound, by eternal fiat, on the rock
Of mortal languishment, yet unappalled
As gallant bird beneath the tempest shock:
For still thy soul soared free, thy silence met each hideous mock.

And can such glory pass? Nay, thus thou art,
Where'er in world diviner thou dost walk,
Mated with love celestial, that doth spring,
Fragrant and fair, from life's divided stalk.
But we who knew thee may not cease to mourn
The moment's grief, the time's perpetual loss.
Not ours to pluck from thine engraved name
Oblivion's cold and memory-choking moss:
Blest are we for so noble sake to bear affliction's cross.

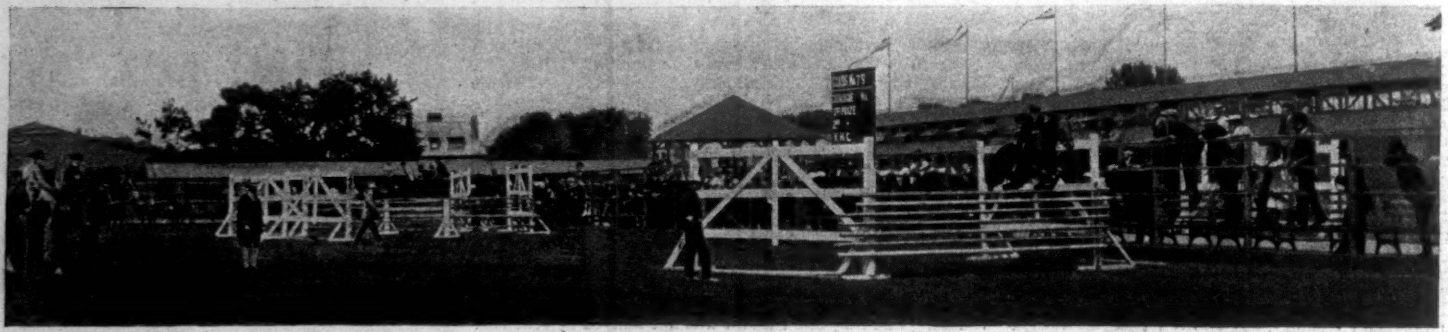
Henceforward nevermore may Denmark's Prince
Pace through his tragic hour in sabled pride
But thou, the sceptre's rightful heir, wilt walk,
Eclipsing all his grandeur, by his side.
And dally as we may with pageantry
Wherein some newer actor plays a part,
The scene will fade, while thine enshadowed form
Doth from the slumbrous aisles of memory start,—
Again the lost but ever-reigning monarch of the heart.

Farewell! farewell indeed! But take with thee
Our true allegiance to that orient land—
The laurels and the rosemary of life
Lying unnoted in thy nerveless hand.
Take with thee, too, our bond of gratitude,
That in a cynic and a tattling age
Thou didst consent to write, in missal script,
Thy name on the poor players' slandered page,
And teach the lords of empty birth a king may walk the stage!

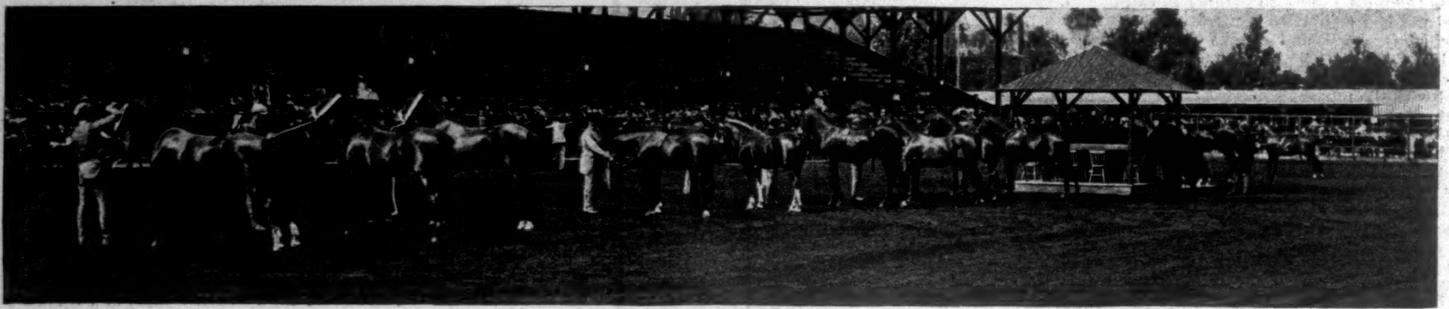
ALICE BROWN.



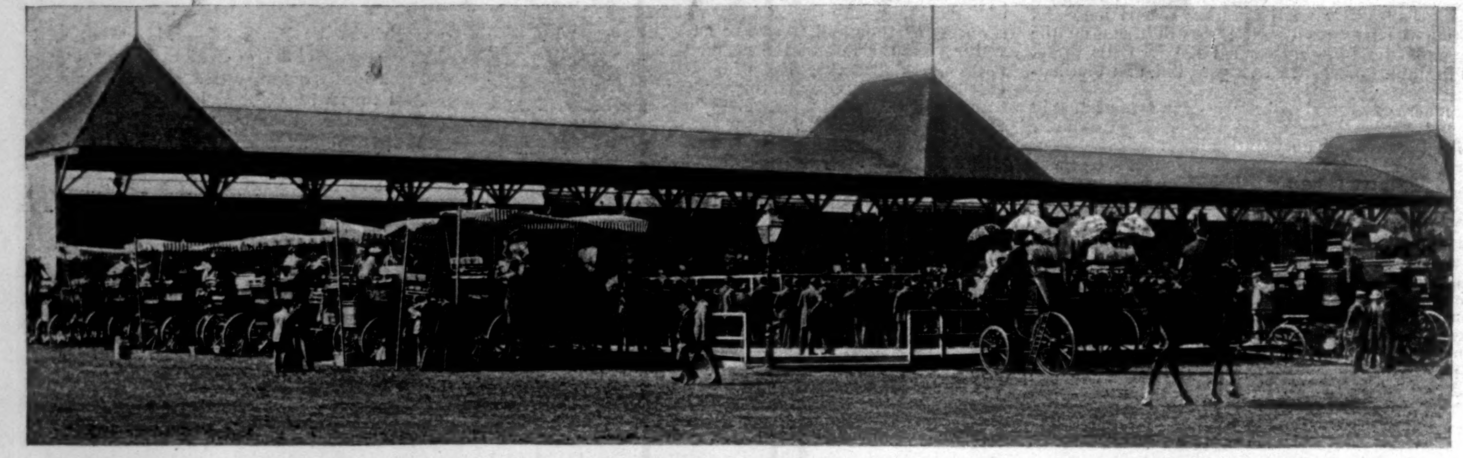
A WELL-FILLED CLASS OF HIGH STEPPERS.



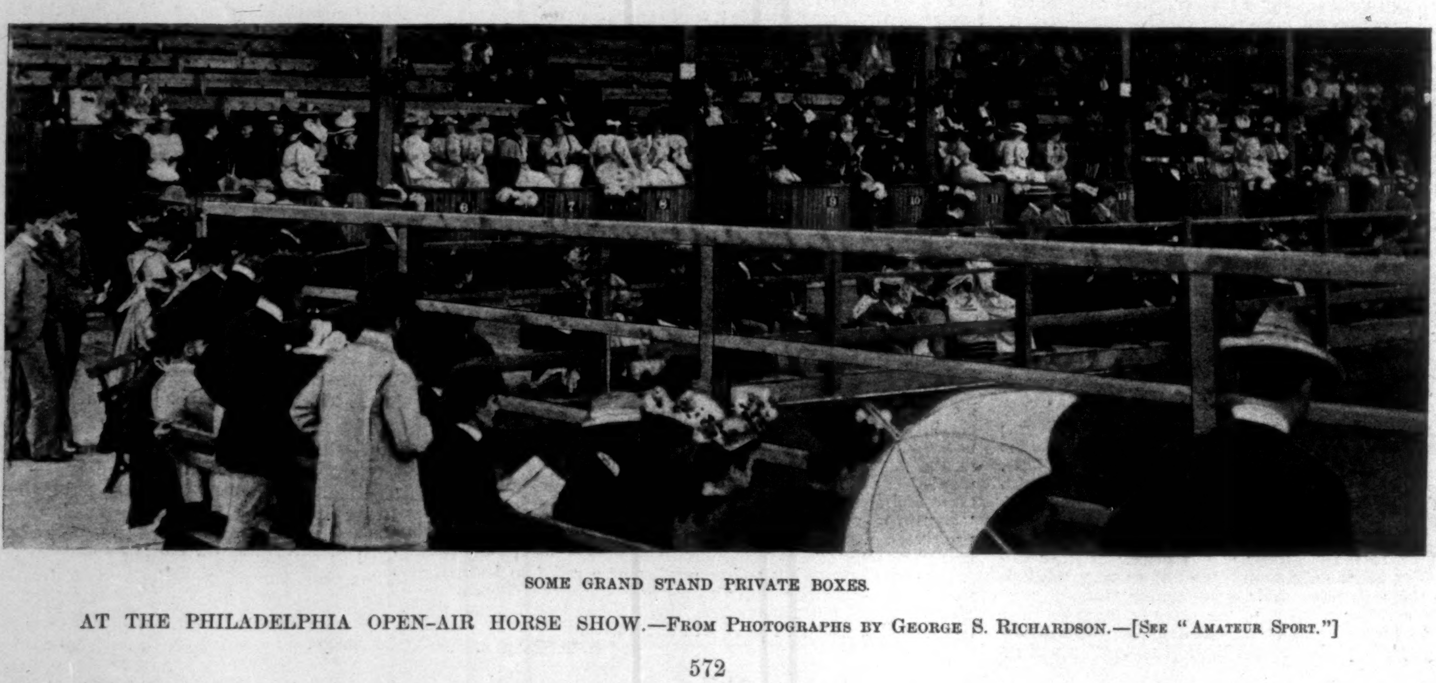
A CLEAN PERFORMANCE OVER THE RAILS.



STALLIONS WITH THREE OF THEIR GET.



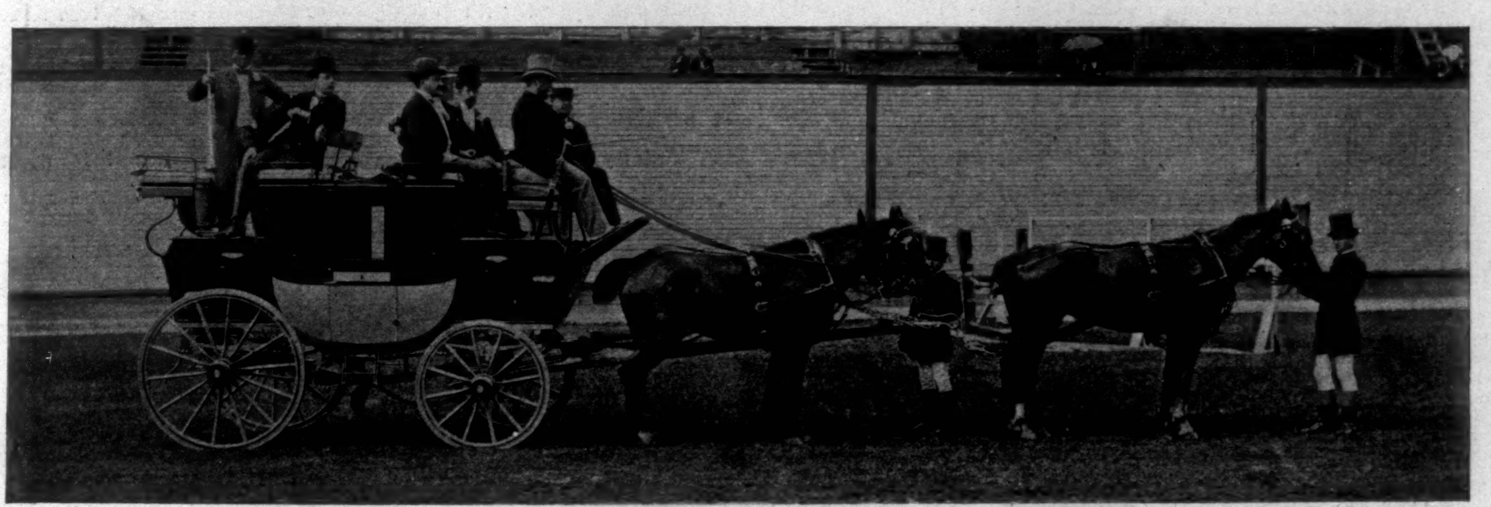
VIEW OF GRAND STAND AND COACHES.

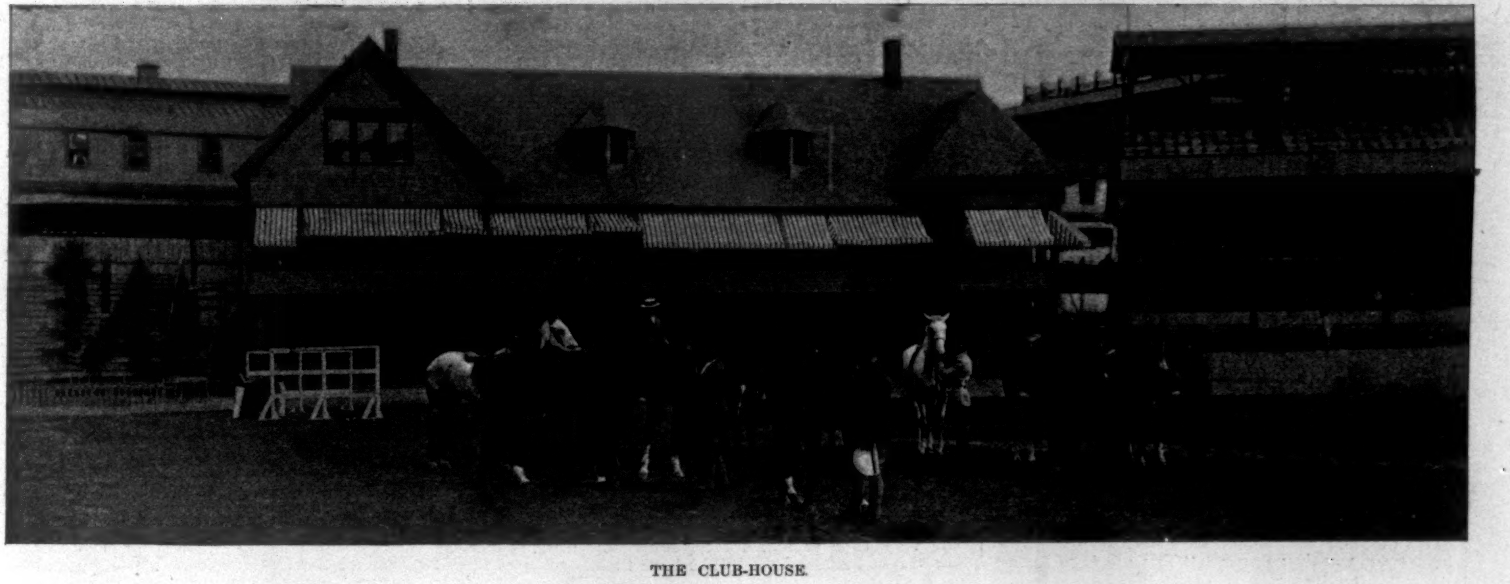


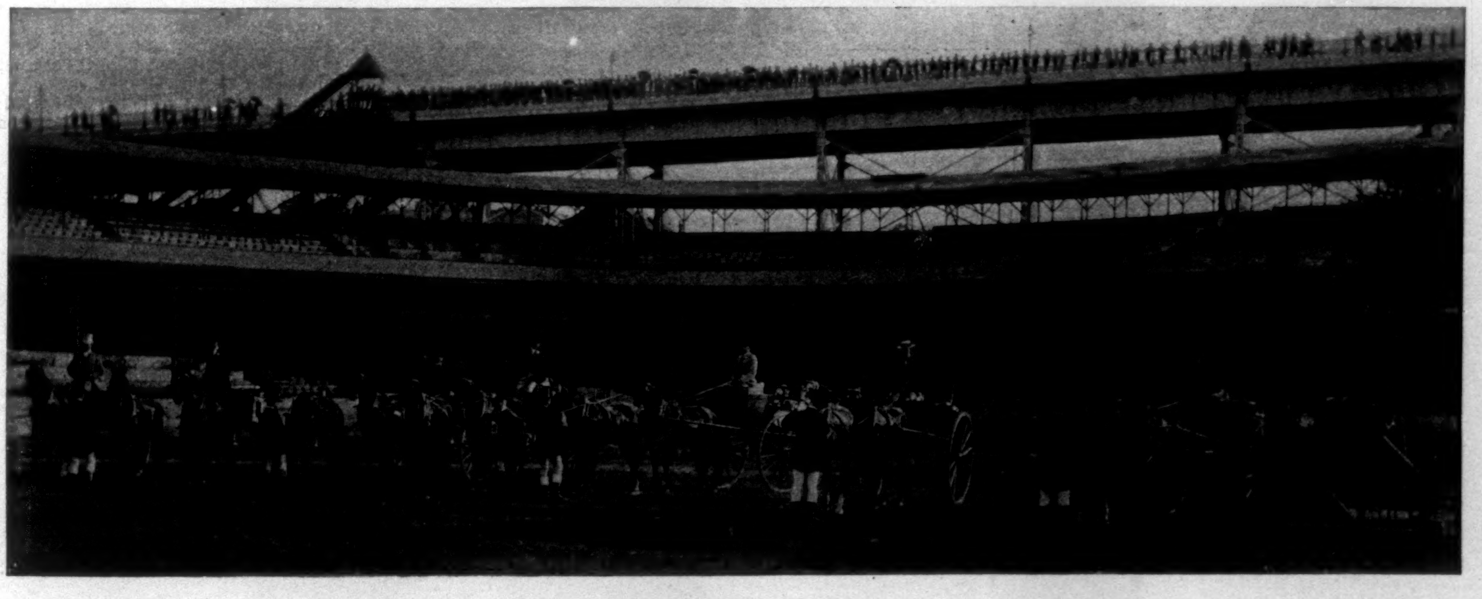
SOME GRAND STAND PRIVATE BOXES.

AT THE PHILADELPHIA OPEN-AIR HORSE SHOW.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE S. RICHARDSON.—[SEE "AMATEUR SPORT."]

HUNTERS WAITING FOR THEIR TURN.


THE WINNING FOUR IN THE ROAD RACE FROM THE WALDORF HOTEL TO THE SHOW GROUNDS.


THE CLUB-HOUSE.


JUDGING THE TANDEMS.

THE NEW YORK OPEN-AIR HORSE SHOW.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE S. RICHARDSON.—[SEE "AMATEUR SPORT."]

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE REFUGEES," "THE GREAT SHADOW," "MICAH CLARKE," ETC.

THE REIGATE PUZZLE.

IT was some time before the health of my friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes recovered from the strain caused by his immense exertions in the spring of '87. The whole question of the Netherland-Sumatra Company and of the colossal schemes of Baron Maupertuis is too recent in the minds of the public and is too intimately concerned with politics and finance to be a fitting subject for this series of sketches. It led, however, in an indirect fashion to a singular and complex problem which gave my friend an opportunity of demonstrating the value of a fresh weapon among the many with which he waged his life-long battle against crime.

On referring to my notes I see that it was upon the 14th of April that I received a telegram from Lyons which informed me that Holmes was lying ill in the Hôtel Dulong. Within twenty-four hours I was in his sick-room, and was relieved to find that there was nothing formidable in his symptoms. Even his iron constitution, however, had broken down under the strain of an investigation which had extended over two months, during which period he had never worked less than fifteen hours a day, and had more than once, as he assured me, kept to his task for five days at a stretch. Even the triumphant issue of his labors could not save him from reaction after so terrible an exertion, and at a time when Europe was ringing with his name, and when his room was literally ankle-deep with congratulatory telegrams, I found him a prey to the blackest depression. Even the knowledge that he had succeeded where the police of three countries had failed, and that he had outmanœuvered at every point the most accomplished swindler in Europe, was insufficient to rouse him from his nervous prostration.

Three days later we were back in Baker Street together, but it was evident that my friend would be much the better for a change, and the thought of a week of spring-time in the country was full of attractions to me also. My old friend Colonel Hayter, who had come under my professional care in Afghanistan, had now taken a house near Reigate in Surrey, and had frequently asked me to come down to him upon a visit. On the last occasion he had remarked that if my friend would only come with me he would be glad to extend his hospitality to him also. A little diplomacy was needed, but when Holmes understood that the establishment was a bachelor one, and that he would be allowed the fullest freedom, he fell in with my plans, and a week after our return from Lyons we were under the Colonel's roof. Hayter was a fine old soldier who had seen much of the world, and he soon found, as I had expected, that Holmes and he had much in common.

On the evening of our arrival we were sitting in the Colonel's gun-room after dinner, Holmes stretched upon the sofa, while Hayter and I looked over his little armory of Eastern weapons.

"By-the-way," said he, suddenly, "I think I'll take one of these pistols up stairs with me, in case we have an alarm."

"An alarm?" said I.

"Yes; we've had a scare in this part lately. Old Acton, who is one of our county magnates, had his house broken into last Monday. No great damage done, but the fellows are still at large."

"No clew?" asked Holmes, cocking his eye at the Colonel

"None as yet. But the affair is a petty one—one of our little country crimes—which must seem too small for your attention, Mr Holmes, after this great international affair."

Holmes waved away the compliment, though his smile showed that it had pleased him.

"Was there any feature of interest?"

"I fancy not. The thieves ransacked the library and got very little for their pains. The whole place was turned upside down, drawers burst open and presses ransacked, with the result that an odd volume of Pope's Homer, two plated candlesticks, an ivory letter-weight, a small oak barometer, and a ball of twine are all that have vanished"

"What an extraordinary assortment!" I exclaimed

"Oh, the fellows evidently grabbed hold of everything they could get."

Holmes grunted from the sofa. "The county police ought to make something of that," said he. "Why, it is surely obvious that—"

But I held up a warning finger "You are here for a rest, my dear fellow. For Heaven's sake don't get started on a new problem when your nerves are all in shreds."

Holmes shrugged his shoulders with a glance of comic resignation towards the Colonel, and the talk drifted away into less dangerous channels.

It was destined, however, that all my professional caution should be wasted, for next morning the problem obtruded itself upon us in such a way that it was impossible to ignore it, and our country visit took a turn which neither of us could have anticipated. We were at breakfast, when the Colonel's butler rushed in, with all his propriety shaken out of him.

"Have you heard the news, sir?" he gasped "At the Cunningham's, sir?"

"Burglary?" cried the Colonel, with his coffee-cup in midair.

"Murder!"

The Colonel whistled "By Jove!" said he "Who's killed, then? The J. P. or his son?"

"Neither, sir. It was William the coachman Shot through the heart, sir, and never spoke again."

"Who shot him, then?"

"The burglar, sir. He was off like a shot and got clean away. He'd just broke in at the pantry window, when William came on him, and met his end in saving his master's property"

"What time?"

"It was last night, sir, somewhere about twelve."

"Ah, then we'll step over afterwards," said the Colonel, coolly settling down to his breakfast again. "It's a baddish business," he added, when the butler had gone. "He's our leading man about here, is old Cunningham, and a very decent fellow too. He'll be cut up over this, for the man has been in his service for years, and was a good servant. It's evidently the same villains who broke into Acton's."

"And stole that very singular collection," said Holmes, thoughtfully.

"Precisely."

"Hum! It may prove the simplest matter in the world, but all the same at first glance this is just a little curious, is it not? A gang of burglars acting in the country might be expected to vary the scene of their operations, and not to crack two cribs in the same district within a few days. When you spoke last night of taking precautions I remember that it passed through my mind that this was probably the last parish in England to which the thief or thieves would be likely to turn their attention—which shows that I have still much to learn."

"I fancy it's some local practitioner," said the Colonel. "In that case, of course, Acton's and Cunningham's are just the places he would go for, since they are far the largest about here"

"And richest?"

"Well, they ought to be, but they've had a lawsuit for some years, which has sucked the blood out of both of them, I fancy. Old Acton has some claim on half Cunningham's estate, and the lawyers have been at it with both hands."

"If it's a local villain there should not be much difficulty in running him down," said Holmes, with a yawn. "All right, Watson, I don't intend to meddle."

"Inspector Forrester, sir," said the butler, throwing open the door.

The official, a smart, keen-faced young fellow, stepped into the room. "Good-morning, Colonel," said he. "I hope I don't intrude, but we hear that Mr. Holmes of Baker Street is here."

The Colonel waved his hand towards my friend, and the Inspector bowed.

"We thought that perhaps you would care to step across, Mr. Holmes."

"The fates are against you, Watson," said he, laughing. "We were chatting about the matter when you came in, Inspector. Perhaps you can let us have a few details." As he leaned back in his chair in the familiar attitude I knew that the case was hopeless

"We had no clew in the Acton affair. But here we have plenty to go on, and there's no doubt it is the same party in each case. The man was seen."

"Ah!"

"Yes, sir. But he was off like a deer, after the shot that killed poor William Kirwan was fired. Mr. Cunningham saw him from the bedroom window, and Mr. Alec Cunningham saw him from the back passage. It was quarter to twelve when the alarm broke out Mr. Cunningham had just got into bed, and Mr. Alec was smoking a pipe in his dressing-gown They both heard William the coachman calling for help, and Mr. Alec he ran down to see what was the matter. The back door was open, and as he came to the foot of the stairs he saw two men wrestling together outside. One of them fired a shot, the other dropped, and the murderer rushed across the garden and over the hedge. Mr. Cunningham, looking out of his bedroom window, saw the fellow as he gained the road, but lost sight of him at once. Mr. Alec stopped to see if he could help the dying man, and so the villain got clean away. Beyond the fact that he was a middle-sized man and dressed in some dark stuff we have no personal clew, but we are making energetic inquiries, and if he is a stranger we shall soon find him out."

"What was this William doing there? Did he say anything before he died?"

"Not a word. He lives at the lodge with his mother, and as he was a very faithful fellow, we imagine that he walked up to the house with the intention of seeing that all was right there Of course this Acton business has put every one on his guard The robber must have just burst open the door—the lock has been forced—then William came upon him"

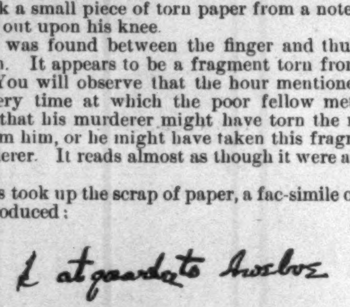
"Did William say anything to his mother before going out?"

"She is very old and deaf, and we can get no information from her The shock has made her half-witted, but I understand that she was never very bright. There is one very important circumstance, however. Look at this!"

He took a small piece of torn paper from a note-book and spread it out upon his knee.

"This was found between the finger and thumb of the dead man. It appears to be a fragment torn from a larger sheet. You will observe that the hour mentioned upon it is the very time at which the poor fellow met his fate. You see that his murderer might have torn the rest of the sheet from him, or he might have taken this fragment from the murderer. It reads almost as though it were an appointment."

Holmes took up the scrap of paper, a fac-simile of which is here reproduced:


k at quarter to twelve
learn what
maybe

"Presuming that it is an appointment," continued the Inspector, "it is of course a conceivable theory that this William Kirwan—though he had the reputation of being an honest man, may have been in league with the thief He may have met him there, may even have helped him to break in the door, and then they may have fallen out between themselves."

"This writing is of extraordinary interest," said Holmes, who had been examining it with intense concentration. "These are much deeper waters than I had thought." He sank his head upon his hands, while the Inspector smiled at the effect which his case had had upon the famous London specialist.

"Your last remark," said Holmes, presently, "as to the possibility of there being an understanding between the burglar and the servant, and this being a note of appointment from one to the other, is an ingenious and not entirely impossible supposition. But this writing opens up—" He sank his head into his hands again, and remained for some minutes in the deepest thought. When he raised his face again I was surprised to see that his cheek was tinged with color, and his eyes as bright as before his illness. He sprang to his feet with all his old energy.

"I'll tell you what," said he, "I should like to have a quiet little glance into the details of this case. There is something in it which fascinates me extremely. If you will permit me, Colonel, I will leave my friend Watson and you, and I will step round with the Inspector to test the truth of one or two little fancies of mine. I will be with you again in half an hour."

An hour and a half had elapsed before the Inspector returned alone.

"Mr. Holmes is walking up and down in the field outside," said he. "He wants us all four to go up to the house together."

"To Mr. Cunningham's?"

"Yes, sir."

"What for?"

The Inspector shrugged his shoulders. "I don't quite know, sir. Between ourselves I think Mr. Holmes has not quite got over his illness yet. He's been behaving very queerly, and he is very much excited."

"I don't think you need alarm yourself," said I. "I have usually found that there was method in his madness."

"Some folk might say there was madness in his method," muttered the Inspector. "But he's all on fire to start, Colonel, so we had best go out, if you are ready."

We found Holmes pacing up and down in the field, his chin sunk upon his breast, and his hands thrust into his trousers pockets.

"The matter grows in interest," said he. "Watson, your country trip has been a distinct success. I have had a charming morning."

"You have been up to the scene of the crime, I understand," said the Colonel.

"Yes. The Inspector and I have made quite a little reconnoissance together."

"Any success?"

"Well, we have seen some very interesting things. I'll tell you what we did as we walk. First of all we saw the body of this unfortunate man. He certainly died from a revolver wound, as reported."

"Had you doubted it, then?"

"Oh, it is as well to test everything. Our inspection was not wasted. We then had an interview with Mr. Cunningham and his son, who were able to point out the exact spot where the murderer had broken through the garden hedge in his flight. That was of great interest"

"Naturally."

"Then we had a look at this poor fellow's mother. We could get no information from her, however, as she is very old and feeble."

"And what is the result of your investigations?"

"The conviction that the crime is a very peculiar one. Perhaps our visit now may do something to make it less obscure. I think that we are both agreed, Inspector, that the fragment of paper in the dead man's hand, bearing, as it does, the very hour of his death written upon it, is of extreme importance."

"It should give a clew, Mr. Holmes."

"It *does* give a clew. Whoever wrote that note was the man who brought William Kirwan out of his bed at that hour. But where is the rest of that sheet of paper?"

"I examined the ground carefully in the hope of finding it," said the Inspector.

"It was torn out of the dead man's hand. Why was some one so anxious to get possession of it? Because it incriminated him. And what would he do with it? Thrust it into his pocket most likely, never noticing that a corner of it had been left in the grip of the corpse. If we could get the rest of that sheet it is obvious that we should have gone a long way towards solving the mystery."

"Yes; but how can we get at the criminal's pocket before we catch the criminal?"

"Well, well, it was worth thinking over. Then there is another obvious point. The note was sent to William. The man who wrote it could not have taken it; otherwise, of course, he might have delivered his own message by word of mouth. Who brought the note, then? Or did it come through the post?"

"I have made inquiries," said the Inspector. "William received a letter by the afternoon post yesterday. The envelope was destroyed by him."

"Excellent!" cried Holmes, clapping the Inspector on the back. "You've seen the postman. It is a pleasure to work with you. Well, here is the lodge, and if you will come up, Colonel, I will show you the scene of the crime."

We passed the pretty cottage where the murdered man had lived, and walked up an oak-lined avenue to the fine old Queen Anne house, which bears the date of Malplaquet upon the lintel of the door. Holmes and the Inspector led us round it until we came to the side gate, which is separated by a stretch of garden from the hedge which lines the road. A constable was standing at the kitchen door.

"Throw the door open, officer," said Holmes. "Now it was on those stairs that young Mr. Cunningham stood and saw the two men struggling just where we are. Old Mr. Cunningham was at that window—the second on the left—and he saw the fellow get away just to the left of that bush. So did the son. They are both sure of it on account of the bush Then Mr. Alec ran out and knelt beside the wounded man. The ground is very hard, you see, and there are no marks to guide us."

As he spoke, two men came down the garden path from round the angle of the house The one was an elderly man with a strong, deep-lined, heavy-eyed face, the other a dashing young fellow whose bright smiling expression and showy dress were in strange contrast with the business which had brought us there.

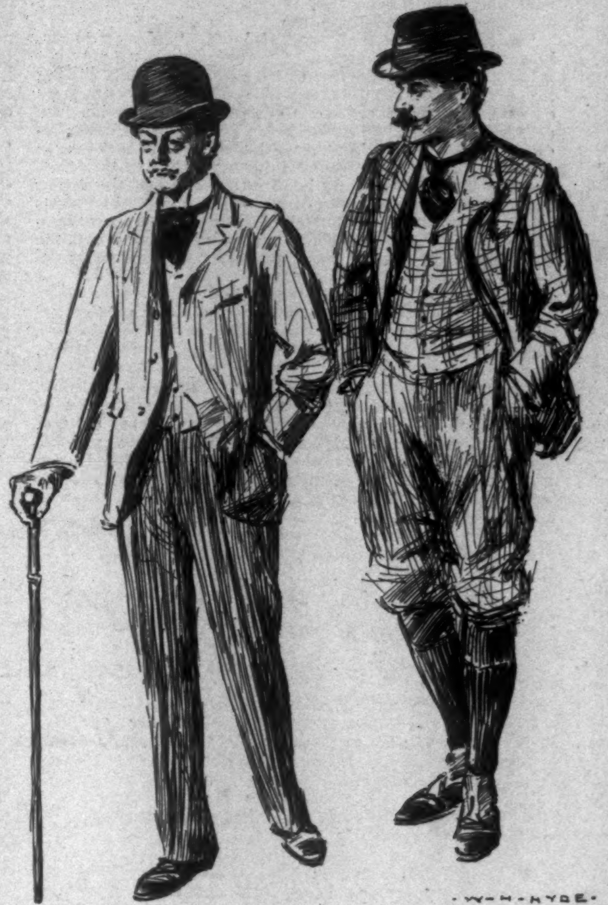
"Still at it, then?" said he to Holmes. "I thought you Londoners were never at fault. You don't seem to be so very quick, after all."

"Ah, you must give us a little time," said Holmes, good-humoredly.

"You'll want it," said young Alec Cunningham. "Why, I don't see that we have any clew at all."

"There's only one," answered the Inspector. "We thought that if we could only find— Good heavens, Mr. Holmes, what is the matter?"

My poor friend's face had suddenly assumed the most



"TWO MEN CAME DOWN THE GARDEN PATH."

dreadful expression. His eyes rolled upwards, his features writhed in agony, and with a suppressed groan he dropped on his face upon the ground. Horrified at the suddenness and severity of the attack, we carried him into the kitchen, where he lay back in a large chair and breathed heavily for some minutes. Finally, with a shamefaced apology for his weakness, he rose once more.

"Watson would tell you that I have only just recovered from a severe illness," he explained. "I am liable to these sudden nervous attacks."

"Shall I send you home in my trap?" asked old Cunningham.

"Well, since I am here, there is one point on which I should like to feel sure. We can very easily verify it."

"What is it?"

"Well, it seems to me that it is just possible that the arrival of this poor fellow, William, was not before but after the entrance of the burglar into the house. You appear to take it for granted that although the door was forced, the robber never got in."

"I fancy that is quite obvious," said Mr. Cunningham, gravely. "Why, my son Alec had not gone to bed, and he would certainly have heard any one moving about."

"Where was he sitting?"

"I was smoking in my dressing-room."

"Which window is that?"

"The last on the left, next my father's."

"Both of your lamps were lit, of course?"

"Undoubtedly."

"There are some very singular points here," said Holmes, smiling. "Is it not extraordinary that a burglar—and a burglar who had had some previous experience—should deliberately break into a house at a time when he could see from the lights that two of the family were still afoot?"

"He must have been a cool hand."

"Well, of course, if the case were not an odd one we should not have been driven to ask you for an explanation," said young Mr. Alec. "But as to your idea that the man had robbed the house before William tackled him, I think it a most absurd notion. Wouldn't we have found the place disarranged and missed the things which he had taken?"

"It depends on what the things were," said Holmes. "You must remember that we are dealing with a burglar who is a very peculiar fellow, and who appears to work on lines of his own. Look, for example, at the queer lot of things which he took from Acton's—what was it?—a ball of string, a letter-weight, and I don't know what other odds and ends."

"Well, we are quite in your hands, Mr. Holmes," said old Cunningham. "Anything which you or the Inspector may suggest will most certainly be done."

"In the first place," said Holmes. "I should like you to offer a reward—coming from yourself; for the officials may take a little time before they would agree upon the sum, and these things cannot be done too promptly. I have jotted down the form here, if you would not mind signing it. Fifty pound was quite enough, I thought."

"I would willingly give five hundred," said the J. P., taking the slip of paper and the pencil which Holmes handed to him. "This is not quite correct, however," he added, glancing over the document.

"I wrote it rather hurriedly."

"You see you begin: 'Whereas, at about a quarter to one on Tuesday morning an attempt was made,' and so on. It was at a quarter to twelve as a matter of fact."

I was pained at the mistake, for I knew how keenly Holmes would feel any slip of the kind. It was his speciality to be accurate as to fact, but his recent illness had shaken him, and this one little incident was enough to show me that he was still far from being himself. He was obviously embarrassed for an instant, while the Inspector raised his eyebrows, and Alec Cunningham burst into a laugh. The old gentleman corrected the mistake, however, and handed the paper back to Holmes.

"Get it printed as soon as possible," he said. "I think your idea is an excellent one."

Holmes put the slip of paper carefully away into his pocket-book. "And now," said he, "it really would be a good thing that we should all go over the house together and make certain that this rather erratic burglar did not, after all, carry anything away with him."

Before entering, Holmes made an examination of the door which had been forced. It was evident that a chisel or strong knife had been thrust in and the lock forced back with it. We could see the marks in the wood where it had been pushed in.

"You don't use bars, then?" he asked.

"We have never found it necessary."

"You don't keep a dog?"

"Yes, but he is chained on the other side of the house."

"When do the servants go to bed?"

"About ten."

"I understand that William was usually in bed also at that hour."

"Yes."

"It is singular that on this particular night he should have been up. Now, I should be very glad if you would have the kindness to show us over the house, Mr. Cunningham."

A stone-flagged passage, with the kitchens branching away from it, led by a wooden staircase directly to the first floor of the house. It came out upon the landing opposite to a second more ornamental stair, which came up from the front hall. Out of this landing opened the drawing-room and several bedrooms, including those of Mr. Cunningham and his son. Holmes walked slowly, taking keen note of the architecture of the house. I could tell from his expression that he was on a hot scent; and yet I could not in the least imagine in what direction his inferences were leading him.

"My good sir," said Mr. Cunningham, with some impatience, "this is surely very unnecessary. That is my room at the end of the stairs, and my son's is the one beyond it. I leave it to your judgment whether it was possible for the thief to have come up here without disturbing us."

"You must try round and get on a fresh scent, I fancy," said the son, with a rather malicious smile.

"Still, I must ask you to humor me a little further. I should like, for example, to see how far the windows of the bedrooms command the front. This, I understand, is your son's room" (he pushed open the door); "and that, I presume, is the dressing-room, in which he sat smoking when the alarm was given. Where does the window of that look out to?" He stepped across the bedroom, pushed open the door, and glanced round the other chamber.

"I hope that you are satisfied now," said Mr. Cunningham, tartly.

"Thank you; I think I have seen all that I wished."

"Then, if it is really necessary, we can go into my room."

"If it is not too much trouble."

The J. P. shrugged his shoulders and led the way into his own chamber, which was a plainly furnished and commonplace room. As we moved across it in the direction of the window, Holmes fell back, until he and I were the last of the group. Near the foot of the bed stood a dish of oranges and a carafe of water. As we passed it, Holmes, to my unutterable astonishment, leaned over in front of me and deliberately knocked the whole thing over. The glass smashed into a thousand pieces, and the fruit rolled about into every corner of the room.

"You've done it now, Watson," said he, coolly. "A pretty mess you've made of the carpet!"

I stooped in some confusion and began to pick up the fruit, understanding for some reason my companion desired me to take the blame upon myself. The others did the same, and set the table on its legs again.

"Hullo!" cried the Inspector; "where's he got to?"

Holmes had disappeared.

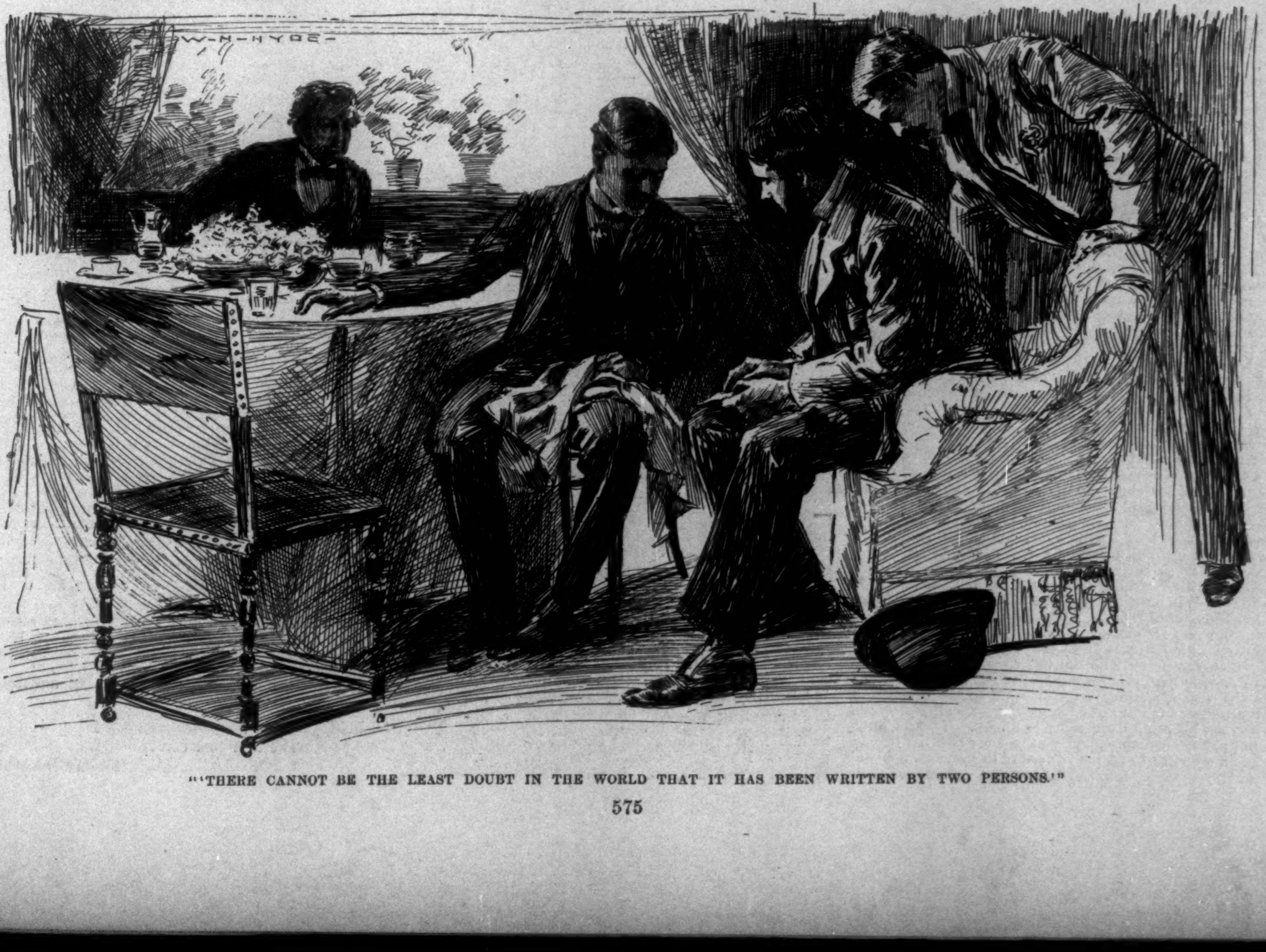
"Wait here an instant," said young Alec Cunningham. "The fellow is off his head, in my opinion. Come with me, father, and see where he has got to."

They rushed out of the room, leaving the Inspector, the Colonel, and me staring at each other.

"'Pon my word, I am inclined to agree with Master Alec," said the official. "It may be the effect of this illness, but it seems to me that—"

His words were cut short by a sudden scream of "Help! Help! Murder!"

With a thrill I recognized the voice as that of my friend. I rushed madly from the room on to the landing. The cries, which had sunk down into a hoarse, inarticulate shouting,



"'THERE CANNOT BE THE LEAST DOUBT IN THE WORLD THAT IT HAS BEEN WRITTEN BY TWO PERSONS.'"

came from the room which we had first visited. I dashed in, and on into the dressing-room beyond. The two Cunninghams were bending over the prostrate figure of Sherlock Holmes, the younger clutching his throat with both hands, while the elder seemed to be twisting one of his wrists. In an instant the three of us had torn them away from him, and Holmes staggered to his feet, very pale and evidently greatly exhausted.

"Arrest these men, Inspector," he gasped.

"On what charge?"

"That of murdering their coachman, William Kirwan."

The Inspector stared about him in bewilderment. "Oh, come, now, Mr. Holmes," said he at last. "I'm sure you don't really mean to—"

"Tut, man; look at their faces!" cried Holmes, curtly.

Never certainly have I seen a plainer confession of guilt upon human countenances. The older man seemed numbed and dazed, with a heavy, sullen expression upon his strongly marked face. The son, on the other hand, had dropped all that jaunty, dashing style which had characterized him, and the ferocity of a dangerous wild beast gleamed in his dark eyes and distorted his handsome features.

The Inspector said nothing, but, stepping to the door, he blew his whistle. Two of his constables came at the call.

"I have no alternative, Mr. Cunningham," said he. "I trust that this may all prove to be an absurd mistake; but you can see that— Ah, would you? Drop it!"

He struck out with his hand, and a revolver which the younger man was in the act of cocking clattered down upon the floor.

"Keep that," said Holmes, quietly putting his foot upon it. "You will find it useful at the trial. But this is what we really wanted." He held up a little crumpled piece of paper.

"The remainder of the sheet!" cried the Inspector.

"Precisely."

"And where was it?"

"Where I was sure it must be. I'll make the whole matter clear to you presently. I think, Colonel, that you and Watson might return now, and I will be with you again in an hour at the furthest. The Inspector and I must have a word with the prisoners, but you will certainly see me back at luncheon-time."

Sherlock Holmes was as good as his word, for about one o'clock he rejoined us in the Colonel's smoking-room. He was accompanied by a little elderly gentleman, who was introduced to me as the Mr. Acton whose house had been the scene of the original burglary.

"I wished Mr. Acton to be present while I demonstrated this small matter to you," said Holmes, "for it is natural that he should take a keen interest in the details. I am afraid, my dear Colonel, that you must regret the hour that you took in such a stormy petrel as I am."

"On the contrary," answered the Colonel, warmly. "I consider it the greatest privilege to have been permitted to study your methods of working. I confess that they quite surpass my expectations, and that I am utterly unable to account for your result. I have not yet seen the vestige of a clew."

"I am afraid that my explanation may disillusion you, but it has always been my habit to hide none of my methods, either from my friend Watson or from any one who might take an intelligent interest in them. But first, as I am rather shaken by the knocking about which I had in the dressing-room, I think that I shall help myself to a dash of your brandy, Colonel. My strength has been rather tried of late."

"I trust you had no more of those nervous attacks?"

Sherlock Holmes laughed heartily. "We will come to that in its turn," said he. "I will lay an account of the case before you in its due order, showing you the various points which guided me in my decision. Pray interrupt me if there is any inference which is not perfectly clear to you.

"It is of the highest importance in the art of detection to be able to recognize, out of a number of facts, which are incidental and which vital. Otherwise your energy and attention must be dissipated instead of being concentrated. Now in this case there was not the slightest doubt in my mind from the first that the key of the whole matter must be looked for in the scrap of paper in the dead man's hand.

"Before going into this, I would draw your attention to the fact that if Alec Cunningham's narrative was correct, and if the assailant, after shooting William Kirwan, had *instantly* fled, then it obviously could not be he who tore the paper from the dead man's hand. But if it was not he it must have been Alec Cunningham himself, for by the time that the old man had descended several servants were upon the scene. The point is a simple one, but the Inspector had overlooked it because he had started with the supposition that these country magnates had had nothing to do with the matter. Now I make a point of never having any prejudices, and of following docilely wherever fact may lead me, and so in the very first stage of the investigation I found myself looking a little askance at the part which had been played by Mr. Alec Cunningham.

"And now I made a very careful examination of the corner of paper which the Inspector had submitted to us. It was at once clear to me that it formed part of a very remarkable document. Here it is. Do you not now observe something very suggestive about it?"

"It has a very irregular look," said the Colonel.

"My dear sir," cried Holmes, "there cannot be the least doubt in the world that it has been written by two persons doing alternate words. When I draw your attention to the strong t's of 'at' and 'to' and ask you to compare them with the weak ones of 'quarter' and 'twelve,' you will instantly recognize the fact. A very brief analysis of these four words would enable you to say with the utmost confidence that the 'learn' and the 'maybe' are written in the stronger hand, and the 'what' in the weaker."

"By Jove, it's as clear as day!" cried the Colonel. "Why on earth should two men write a letter in such a fashion?"

"Obviously the business was a bad one, and one of the men, who distrusted the other, was determined that, whatever was done, each should have an equal hand in it. Now of the two men it is clear that the one who wrote the 'at' and 'to' was the ringleader."

"How do you get at that?"

"We might deduce it from the mere character of the one hand as compared with the other. But we have more assured reasons than that for supposing it. If you examine this scrap with attention you will come to the conclusion that the man with the stronger hand wrote all his words first, leaving blanks for the other to fill up. These blanks were not always sufficient, and you can see that the second man had a squeeze to fit his 'quarter' in between the 'at' and the 'to,' showing that the latter were already written. The man who wrote all his words first is undoubtedly the man who planned the affair."

"Excellent!" cried Mr. Acton.

"But very superficial," said Holmes. "We come now, however, to a point which is of importance. You may not be aware that the deduction of a man's age from his writing is one which has been brought to considerable accuracy by experts. In normal cases one can place a man in his true decade with tolerable confidence. I say normal cases, because ill health and physical weakness reproduce the signs of old age even when the invalid is a youth. In this case, looking at the bold strong hand of the one and the rather broken-backed appearance of the other, which still retains its legibility, although the t's have begun to lose their crossing, we can say that the one was a young man and the other was advanced in years, without being positively decrepit."

"Excellent!" cried Mr. Acton again.

"There is a further point, however, which is subtler and of greater interest. There is something in common between these hands. They belong to men who are blood-relatives. It may be most obvious to you in the Greek e's, but to me there are many small points which indicate the same thing. I have no doubt at all that a family mannerism can be traced in these two specimens of writing. I am only, of course, giving you the leading results now of my examination of the paper. There were twenty-three other deductions, which would be of more interest to experts than to you. They all tended to deepen the impression upon my mind that the Cunninghams had written this letter.

"Having got so far, my next step was, of course, to examine into the details of the crime and to see how far they would help us. I went up to the house with the Inspector and saw all that was to be seen. The wound upon the dead man was, as I was able to determine with absolute confidence, fired from a revolver at the distance of something over four yards. There was no powder-blackening on the clothes. Evidently, therefore, Alec Cunningham had lied when he said that the two men were struggling when the shot was fired. Again, both father and son agreed as to the place where the man escaped into the road. At that point, however, as it happens, there is a broadish ditch, moist at the bottom. As there were no indications of boot-marks about this ditch, I was absolutely sure not only that the Cunninghams had again lied, but that there had never been any unknown man upon the scene at all.

"And now I had to consider the motive of this singular crime. To get at this I endeavored first of all to solve the reason of the original burglary at Mr. Acton's. I understood from something which the Colonel told us that a lawsuit had been going on between you, Mr. Acton, and the Cunninghams. Of course it instantly occurred to me that they had broken into your library with the intention of getting at some document which might be of importance in the case."

"Precisely so," said Mr. Acton. "There can be no possible doubt as to their intentions. I have the clearest claim upon half of their present estate, and if they could have found a single paper—which fortunately was in the strong-box of my solicitors—they would undoubtedly have crippled our case."

"There you are," said Holmes, smiling. "It was a dangerous, reckless attempt in which I seem to trace the influence of young Alec. Having found nothing, they tried to divert suspicion by making it appear to be an ordinary burglary, to which end they carried off whatever they could lay their hands upon. That is all clear enough, but there was much that was still obscure. What I wanted, above all, was to get the missing part of that note. I was certain that Alec had torn it out of the dead man's hand, and almost certain that he must have thrust it into the pocket of his dressing-gown. Where else could he have put it? The only question was whether it was still there. It was worth an effort to find out, and for that object we all went up to the house.

"The Cunninghams joined us, as you doubtless remember, outside the kitchen door. It was, of course, of the very first importance that they should not be reminded of the existence of this paper; otherwise they would naturally destroy it without delay. The Inspector was about to tell them the importance which we attached to it, when by the luckiest chance in the world I tumbled down in a sort of fit, and so changed the conversation."

"Good heavens!" cried the Colonel, laughing. "Do you mean to say all our sympathy was wasted, and your fit an imposture?"

"Speaking professionally, it was admirably done," cried I, looking in amazement at this man, who was forever confounding me with some new phase of his astuteness.

"It is an art which is often useful," said he. "When I recovered I managed by a device, which had perhaps some little merit of ingenuity, to get old Cunningham to write the word 'twelve,' so that I might compare it with the 'twelve' upon the paper."

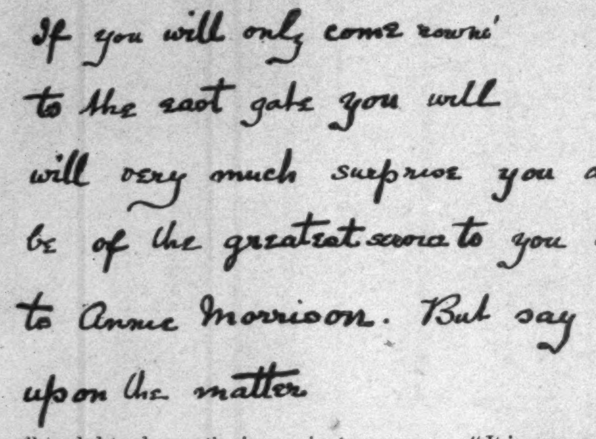
"Oh, what an ass I have been!" I exclaimed.

"I could see that you were commiserating with me over my weakness," said Holmes, laughing. "I was sorry to cause you the sympathetic pain which I knew that you felt. We then went up stairs together, and having entered the room and seen the dressing-gown hanging up behind the door, I contrived by upsetting a table to engage their attention for the moment, and slipped back to examine the pockets. I had hardly got the paper, however, which was, as I had expected, in one of them, when the two Cunninghams were on me, and would, I verily believe, have murdered me then and there but for your prompt and friendly aid. As it is, I feel that young man's grip on my throat now, and the father has twisted my wrist round in the effort to get the paper out of my hand. They saw that I must know all about it, you see, and the sudden change from absolute security to complete despair made them perfectly desperate.

"I had a little talk with old Cunningham afterwards as to the motive of the crime. He was tractable enough, though his son was a perfect demon, ready to blow out his own or anybody else's brains if he could have got to his revolver. When Cunningham saw that the case against him was so strong he lost all heart and made a clean breast of everything. It seems that William had secretly followed his two masters on the night when they made their raid upon Mr. Acton's, and having thus got them into his power, proceeded, under threats of exposure, to levy blackmail upon them. Mr. Alec, however, was a dangerous man to play games of that sort with. It was a stroke of positive genius on his part to see in the burglary scare which was convulsing the country-side an opportunity of plausibly getting rid of the man whom he feared. William was decoyed up and shot; and had they only got the whole of the note, and paid a little more attention to detail in their accessories, it is very possible that suspicion might never have been aroused."

"And the note?" I asked.

Sherlock Holmes placed the subjoined paper before us:



If you will only come round
to the east gate you will
will very much surprise you and
be of the greatest service to you and also
to Annie Morrison. But say nothing to anyone
upon the matter

"It is very much the sort of thing that I expected," said he "Of course we do not yet know what the relations may have been between Alec Cunningham, William Kirwan, and Annie Morrison. The result shows that the trap was skilfully baited. I am sure that you cannot fail to be delighted with the traces of heredity shown in the p's and in the tails of the g's. The absence of the "i" dots in the old man's writing is also most characteristic. Watson, I think our quiet rest in the country has been a distinct success, and I shall certainly return much invigorated to Baker Street to-morrow."

THE RAIN THAT COMES OVER THE HILL.

THE rain that comes over the hill—the rain!—
The musical, mystical rain,
Borne on from the stretch of the temperate skies—
The skies that are gray as are my love's eyes.
Oh the rain!—
With the smell of young wheat from the upland plain—
The rain that comes over the hill.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!—
The mighty and measureless rain,
That drenches the green, shaking woodland, and sweeps
Like an avalanche over the dim, tossing steeps.
Oh the rain!—
That falls with a roar on the vale's grassy floor—
The rain that comes over the hill.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!—
The gleeful and glittering rain,
That plays hide-and-seek with the sun and the shade,
In showers of jewels that sparkle and fade.
Oh the rain!—
That veils the deep meadow and laughs in the glade—
The rain that comes over the hill.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!—
The gracious and plentiful rain,
Refreshing the sun-fevered spaces accurst
When the forest is faint and the fields are athirst.
Oh the rain!—
That brings back her soul to the Summer again—
The rain that comes over the hill.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!—
The dewy, miraculous rain,
With the comforting clouds that drift close to the breast
Of the transfigured Earth, by the soft mists caressed.
Oh the rain!—
That disturbs not, nor breaks the enchantment it makes—
The rain that comes over the hill.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!—
The tearful and tremulous rain,
That sobs by the wide-open window at dawn
Where the grieving trees weep on the noiseless lawn.
Oh the rain!—
Falling softly, like shadows of hopes that are gone—
The rain that comes over the hill.

ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

EDWIN BOOTH.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

A YOUNG man, the only son of his mother and she a widow, sat alone with his dead one awful night a good many years ago, when there entered the room a dear friend of them both. The new-comer, placing his warm hand upon the cold hands of her who was gone, laid his wet cheek against the wetter cheek of him who was left, and said simply, "My poor boy, my poor boy!" There were volumes of sympathy and affection in the words and in the action, and even a little comfort. They both knew that it was merely the natural, unaffected expression of a very warm feeling of pity for the mourner, and of genuine, almost filial, love for her whom they thus mourned together. The man of tender heart and more than kindly nature was Edwin Booth; "the poor boy" is the man who pens these lines.

The friendship between them, of many years' standing, cemented if possible more strongly by what is here for the first time narrated, was never broken until Mr. Booth himself laid down the burden of his life, and went—by no means unprepared—to solve the great problem of the future; carrying with him, perhaps, a direct message to the mother from the son.

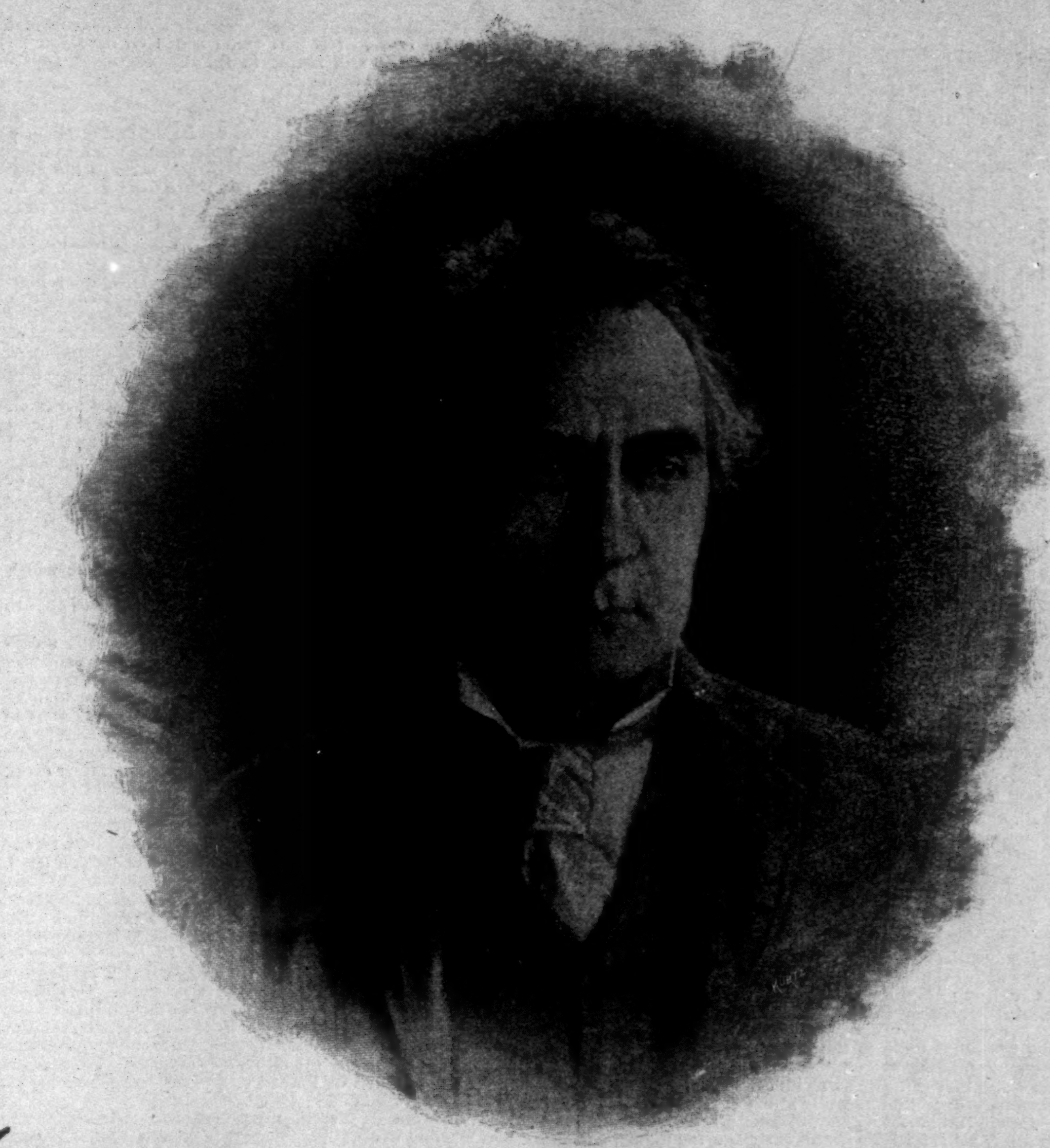
Only those who have known Edwin Booth in trouble and in sorrow have known Edwin Booth at all; and even his few intimate friends, and the members of his own immediate family, have not known of half the good he has done. He never made any public expression of his personal feeling. He gave lavishly with both hands, concealing from the left hand the gifts of the right; and, if possible, keeping even the right hand itself ignorant of its own well-doing. I have known him to pay all the funeral expenses, and to attend the funeral, of a woman he had never seen, simply because her daughter was a member of his company, and without means or a friend. I have seen him receive in his own home, and on a footing of perfect social equality, the black servant who had called to pay her respects to him, and deny himself, during her visit, to men and women of the highest social distinction, who were permitted only to leave their cards at his door. I have discovered accidentally, and from outside sources, of his unbounded generosity to superannuated actors, who had no claim upon him whatever, except that they were old and poor. I have heard him say that a certain worn-out comedian had a fixed income for life, and that a certain broken-down tragedian's mortgage had been paid, without the expression of the slightest hint that he himself had taken up the mortgage or had bought the annuity. I have seen him blush like a girl at the receipt of a letter of thanks, and run away like a coward from the gratitude of those he had helped.

A story which Lawrence Barrett used to tell upon himself may not be out of place here, as illustrating what I have tried to say. The wreck of a brilliant actor came to Mr. Barrett once at the stage entrance of a Western theatre and asked for the loan of half a dollar. His miserable condition was entirely his own fault. He had lost his self-respect, if he had ever possessed any, and he was utterly ruined by liquor and by the results of a bad life. Mr. Barrett, who had by hard work, by untiring industry, by close study, and by uniform good conduct raised himself from nothing, had but little patience with those who had fallen from high estates down to nothing because of their lack of the qualities which he himself possessed, and he refused the beggar money to buy the drink he craved. If Mr. Barrett could not and would not help him to a pittance, would Mr. Barrett cash the check in his ragged pocket, received that day, and useless to him where he was not known? The check was produced, and bore the signature of Edwin Booth. "And so," said Mr. Barrett one evening in Mr. Booth's presence, and to Mr. Booth's great distress, "to the wretched creature to whom I had refused fifty cents Edwin had given fifty dollars!"

It must not be inferred from this incident that Mr. Barrett was not himself a man of sincere soul and of large bounty. Few members of an ever-generous profession have been more ready and more willing to help those who could not help themselves. The long association existing between the two men was as intimate in a personal as it was in a business way. A few years Mr. Booth's junior upon the stage of the world, Mr. Barrett was his excellent support at the very outset of Mr. Booth's career as a star performer, and for many seasons, and in many parts of the country, have they played together, under all conditions, and in every variety of tragedy and comedy, going home together many hundreds of nights to a simple supper of bread and milk in some provincial hotel, or to an equally frugal repast of tea and toast in the grill-room of The Players, in New York. Mr. Barrett's affectionate care of his companion was touching and unceasing, not only during their professional engagements, but during the bright holiday seasons spent in Mr. Barrett's summer house at Cohasset, on the Massachusetts coast, where they talked together for long hours of old times, and laid the plans for a long future together, upon the stage and off. Their reminiscences then related, could they have been preserved by the fortunate listeners, would have made a book of theatrical history and anecdote unrivalled in the whole literature of the drama. Mr. Barrett's death, for which Mr. Booth was entirely unprepared, was a terrible shock to the survivor, and a blow from which he never fully recovered. The gentle spirit of "The Man of Airlie" seemed to haunt, in the most pleasant way, his old apartments, adjoining those of Mr. Booth, at The Players; and more than once, after Mr. Barrett had passed away, when some heavy truck in the street below had jarred the building, and caused the strings of the automatic harp upon his closed door "to play sweet music," Mr. Booth has turned his sad face towards it, and has said, with a half smile, "There comes poor Lawrence now!"

Mr. Booth's great gift of a Club to the members of his profession, and to those who are in sympathy with it, was the last crowning act of his life, and The Players, as was his own wish, is his most enduring monument. He had long cherished the plan of founding a home for the more deserving of his fellow-workers, and the idea culminated, after much discussion, on the deck of the steam-yacht *Oneida*, sailing along the coast of Maine, in the summer of 1887, when The Players was conceived. Mr. Booth presented the building and its contents, including his own rich dramatic library and his own collection of rare dramatic portraits, to its members on the night of December 31, 1888, and thereafter it was his only home. He showed the greatest interest in everything concerning it. When he was in town he never missed a business meeting of its governing body, of which he was president. He scanned carefully the list of candidates for membership, giving his vote always for the younger men upon the stage, who he felt would be a help to the organization, and gainers themselves by its quiet, healthful influence; and to the last The Players and their welfare were ever uppermost in his mind. It is not often that a man is wise enough and thoughtful enough to enjoy the results of his own beneficence. This was Mr. Booth's happy and well-merited lot. Upon Founder's Night, the anniversary of the club's inauguration, the foremost men in every walk of life gathered within its walls to do him honor. He was loved and respected by every man whose name was upon its rolls. When he entered a room with a pleasant word of greeting to each person present, there was a universal stir and murmur of response. Many of the members rose unostentatiously, and remained standing until he was seated, and even the few—very few—of the younger men who habitually wore their hats in the building, instinctively uncovered at his approach. The passing of the "loving-cup"—once the property of the elder Booth—upon Founder's Night, and on other rare and festive occasions, was a revival, or survival, of an old custom, beautiful in its observance, and very dear to Mr. Booth's own heart. After wetting his lips with its contents, he gave it with a bow to his nearest neighbor, and as it passed from hand to hand, each man in his turn rose in his place, no matter where he was or what his present occupation, and standing, he bowed and drank to "The Founder." Alas! and alas! we can only drink to his memory now.

Concerning Edwin Booth in his domestic relations—as son, as husband, as brother, as father—this is not the time nor the place to speak. His sorrowing daughter, with whom all the world grieves to-day, knows well how tender and how perfect was his love for her, for her mother, and for her children. His devotion to the memory of his father he has himself put on record in enduring form, and his filial affection for the mother whom he buried only a few years ago was as sacred and intense as such affection can ever be. He was not a perfect man. He was only human, and very human at that. But he was a credit to humanity, an honor to his country, and the foremost figure in the whole history of the American stage.



To
Laurence Hutton
from his friend
Edwin Booth, 1890
The best photograph, I think, ever taken of me.

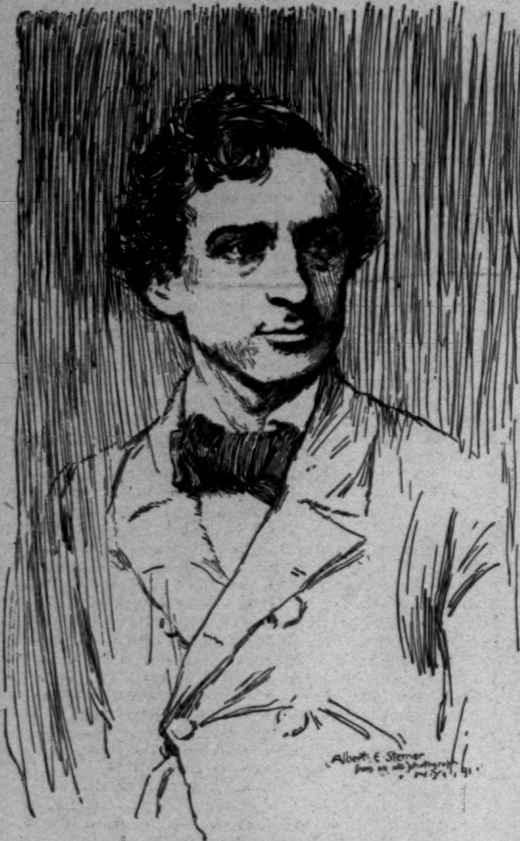
Edwin Booth was born on the 13th of November, 1833, upon his father's farm, in Harford County, Maryland, a quiet, picturesque old place, full of mellow sunshine, but shut out from the world by miles of unbroken and primeval woodland. He was called Edwin Thomas Booth, after two of his father's most intimate associates, Edwin Forrest and Thomas Flynn.

Mrs. Asia Booth Clarke, who has carried the life of her brother down to the date of his second visit to England, in 1880, tells us how on the night of that 13th of November the negroes of the neighborhood were so impressed by the brilliancy of a meteoric shower that they fell to making prophecies concerning the brilliant future of the new-comer, who was to be a see-er of ghosts all his days, and to be guided by a lucky star. One recalls this scene with curious interest—the dense woods, the old whitewashed cabin, still and spectral in the darkness, and those groups of awe-struck negroes, busy with portents for the new-born child's after-life.

To the elder Booth, as his daughter has shown us, this old farm, buried as it was in the heart of the Maryland forest, had been, since its purchase in 1822, both a refuge and a pleasure. Though lying but twenty-five miles from Baltimore, it was almost inaccessible. The mounted post-boy passed by but once a week, tossing the mail-bags over the fence. Few travellers went that way. From the gate that opened on the rough and stony highroad a crooked horse path led through a quarter of a mile of woodland to the primitive cottage, which once, to the great wonder of his neighbors, Mr. Booth had moved from a distant site to where, under massive trees, a spring of cool water bubbled all day. About this spring he had built granite ledges and steps, and, to the delight of his children, a great green bull-frog was encouraged to dwell in peace and comfort within its depths. Near the door of the cabin Mr. Booth had planted a cherry-tree, which, as it grew and blossomed, lending its branches to the children in their romps, became, as years went by, more and more closely identified with their family traditions.

Within-doors all was quaint, sweet, and primitive. There the hum of the spinning-wheel was a constant sound, it being "the farmer's pride that all his blankets and woollen goods came from the backs of his own sheep, and were spun at home." Brass fenders, old-fashioned mirrors, and polished pewter plates made up the details of its simple furnishings, and Shelley, Coleridge, Tasso, Racine, and Alighieri looked out from among the few books of the well-chosen library.

NOTE.—The accompanying illustrations have never before been engraved. The portrait of the wife of the elder Booth is the only one in existence. It was painted in early life by Sully, and was one of the most cherished possessions of her son.—EDITOR.



EDWIN BOOTH.
From a Photograph taken in St. Louis in 1856.

The earliest of Edwin Booth's recollections, however, were not of the cheer and charm of this quiet sunny life, but of his being lifted late at night over a crooked snake-fence, Junius Brutus Booth, as he placed him upon the other side of it, exclaiming, "Your foot is on your native heath!" As the boy stood there in the dense darkness of overhanging trees he could hear the dull sound made by the hoofs of the horses as they galloped away into the night, and the impression made upon him he never afterwards forgot.

Edwin and his father had travelled all day, reaching home at a late hour, for even at this early age, the mother's health being delicate, it was to this tender and dutiful child, grave beyond his years, that the guardianship of his father had been given. And so was inaugurated for Edwin Booth those long wanderings by night and day, and that close and intimate companionship with that strange wild genius, which were to lend at once the gloom and radiance to his life.

Edwin Booth's education began under a Miss Susan Hyde, who kept a school for boys and girls in the neighborhood of "Old Town." By her he was thoroughly grounded in all those rudiments which go to form the basis of a sound mental training. Miss Hyde, who afterwards became the secretary of the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, never ceased to follow with affectionate interest the career of her brilliant pupil, and between the two the old friendship was never broken.

He was next placed by his father under the care of an old West-Indian officer, a Frenchman, Louis Dugas, who had about him a few young persons in their teens. He went also at one time to some university, the name of which Mrs. Clarke does not mention. He studied at intervals afterwards with a Mr. Kearney, a pedagogue, who wrote his own school-books, and encouraged dramatic performances among his pupils. It was in Mr. Kearney's crowded establishment that the elder Booth, entering once unobserved, saw Edwin on a platform, in black jacket and white trousers, playing with J. S. Clarke, who was similarly attired, the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius. These sudden and quiet appearances of his father were by no means infrequent in Edwin Booth's life, and the boy was able to recall many of them, although in all instances it was one of the father's peculiarities to ignore them and to have them ignored.

A clever self-taught negro taught Edwin the banjo, and under Signor Picioli he became a proficient on the violin. But of other instruction he knew none, except the world as it schooled him, experience as it taught him, or as the brilliancy and charm of his father's daily conversation helped to guide and form his tastes.

As to his personal appearance in those days, we have only this testimony from Mr. John H. Jewett: "He was a comely lad, as I remember him, dressed in a Spanish cloak (among the first to display that style), giving promise of the man he has turned out to be."

Mr. Edwin Booth, according to Mrs. Clarke, made his first appearance on any stage on the night of September 10, 1849, and at the Boston Museum. He played on that occasion Tressel. The story of his undertaking it is an old one, but one that is much too characteristic of both father and son to be omitted here. Mr. Thoman, prompter and actor, annoyed at some detail, shouted to Edwin, standing near him, "This is too much work for one man; *you* ought to play Tressel," which, after a little hesitation, the lad was persuaded to do. "On this eventful night the elder Booth, dressed for *Richard III.*, was seated with his feet upon the table in his dressing-room. Calling his son before him, like a severe pedagogue or inquisitor, he interrogated him in that hard laconic style he could at times assume.

"'Who was Tressel?'

"'A messenger from the field of Tewkesbury.'

"'What was his mission?'

"'To bear the news of the defeat of the King's party?'

"'How did he make his journey?'

"'On horseback.'

"'Where are your spurs?'

"Edwin glanced quickly down, and said he had not thought of them.

"'Here, take mine.'

"Edwin unbuckled his father's spurs, and fastened them on his own boots. His part being ended on the stage, he found his father still sitting in the dressing-room, apparently engrossed in thought.

"'Have you done well?" he asked.

"'I think so,' replied Edwin.

"'Give me my spurs,' rejoined his father, and obediently young Tressel replaced the spurs upon Gloucester's feet."

The very rare bill of this performance, perhaps the only copy in existence, for no one but the débutant would be likely to preserve it, was given, among so many other treasures, by Mr. Booth to The Players, and it hangs in the dining-room there, one of the most cherished possessions of its members.

In his beautiful and affectionate tribute to his father, published in the third volume of *Actors and Actresses*, Edwin wrote in 1885: "After my début in the very small part of Tressel, he 'coddled' me, gave me gruel (his usual meal at night when acting), and made me don his worsted nightcap, which, when his work was ended, he always wore as a protection for his heated head, to prevent me from taking cold after my labors, which were doubtless very exhausting on that occasion, being confined to one brief scene at the beginning of the play! At that time there seemed to be a touch of irony in this over-care of me; but *now*, recalling the many acts of his large sympathy, it appears in its true character of genuine solicitude for the heedless boy who had drifted into that troublous sea, where, without talent, he would either sink, or, buoyed perhaps by vanity alone, merely flounder in its uncertain waves.

"To comprehend the peculiar temperament with which my father charmed, roused, and subdued the keenest and the coarsest intellects of his generation, one should be able to understand that great enigma to the wisest—'Hamlet.'

"To my dull thinking, Hamlet typifies uneven or unbalanced genius. But who can tell us what genius of any sort whatever means? The possessor, or rather the possessed, if it is, as in Hamlet's case, more frequently its slave than its master, being irresistibly and often unconsciously swayed by its capriciousness. Great minds to madness closely are allied. Hamlet's mind, at the very edge of frenzy, seeks its relief in ribaldry. For a like reason would my father open, so to speak, the safety-valve of levity in some of his most impassioned moments. At the instant of intense emotion, when the spectators were enthralled by his magnetic influence, the tragedian's overwrought brain would take refuge from its own threatening storm beneath the jester's hood, and, while turned from the audience, he would whisper some silliness, or 'make a face.' When he left the stage, however, no allusion to such seeming frivolity was permitted. His fellow-actors who perceived these trivialities ignorantly attributed his conduct at such times to lack of feeling; whereas it was extreme excess of feeling which thus forced his brain back from the very verge of madness. Only those who have known the torture of severe mental tension can appreciate the value of that one little step from the sublime to the ridiculous. My close acquaintance with so fantastic a temperament as was my father's so accustomed me to that in him that much of Hamlet's 'mystery' seems to me no more than idiosyncrasy.

"While not his favorite, my presence seemed necessary to him when at work, although at other times he almost ignored me, perhaps because his other children were more vivacious and amused him more.

"Reserved and diffident, almost bashful, when away from home, my father behind his locked doors and bolted shutters was as gleeful as a child. Soon after sunrise he would dig in his garden, whistling as he worked....Contented within his family circle, he could not appreciate the necessity for any extraneous element there; hence his wife and children became isolated, and were ill at ease in the presence of other than their own immediate relatives."

The young actor had made so successful a hit as Tressel that various managers tried to induce the elder Booth to allow his son's name to appear on programmes with his own. To every offer of this character Junius Booth held out a stubborn resistance. Lawrence Barrett has told this story of that time: "On one occasion an old friend, then managing a Western theatre, asked Mr. Booth to allow him to bill Edwin with his father. He was met by the usual curt refusal, but, after a moment's pause, and without any sense of the humor of the suggestion, Booth said that Edwin was a good banjo-player, and he could be announced for a solo between the acts."

With no greater encouragement from his father, and being, as he was, still so much absorbed in unremitting care of him, it is hardly to be wondered that Edwin made so few of those early bows before the curtain of which the history of theatrical families is so full. His next public appearance, in fact, was not until Saturday, August 2, 1850, when he and J. S. Clarke gave by invitation a dramatic reading in the court-house at Belair. The story of it is an old one, but well worth repeating. Mrs. Clarke shows us the ride of these two enthusiastic young fellows the day before over twenty-five miles of rough country road and under a hot midsummer sun to order in Baltimore printed programmes for the performance; the eagerness of the rustics, who expected nothing less than a circus; the pasting by an old negro, to whom the task had been intrusted, of all their bills upside down; then the decorum of the audience, the men and women separating at the door of the building; and, finally, the unbroken calm and silence during their selections from *Macbeth*, *Richard III.*, the *Merchant of Venice*, during the quarrel scene from *Julius Cæsar*, which had made the fame of the young striplings in their school-days, and even during the singing, with blackened faces, of negro melodies (not down on the programme) to the music of banjo and bones. A grim experience, surely, but one, happily, in which the humor of the situation was all that was afterwards remembered. Those printed programmes lay among their possessions for years.

Probably nowhere on any stage was ever a more curious entrance seen than that made by Edwin Booth in *Richard III.* It was at the National Theatre in Chatham Street, New York, in February, 1851. The elder and the younger Booths were at that time housed in some dingy, inconvenient quarter of the town, the father having always a fondness for the old places he had known in his youth, those that had, through circumstance of poverty perhaps, shrunk from joining in the march of new improvements. Here on one occasion, when the stage trunk with its properties for *Richard III.* had already been strapped to the waiting carriage before the door, and while the theatre, some distance away, had been for some time astir, Junius Booth suddenly announced that nothing would induce him to play that night. All the entreaties, the arguments, the despair, of his son failed to move the obdurate father. "Go play it yourself," was all he answered, in that quick curt way of his that was one of his strongest characteristics. Seeing the hopelessness of further effort, the boy drove to the theatre. "No matter," said John R. Scott, the leading support, whom he met; "you act it," making the very suggestion which the elder Booth had made. While the audience that filled the house waited before the curtain, the company behind it, in the wildest excitement, hurried Edwin into his father's costume, one member listening during the process to his recitation of the soliloquy. These clothes hung like bags about Edwin, and the applause which greeted his appearance entirely died away when the audience, who had been informed of no change, suddenly found itself confronted with a stranger. Yet, in spite of the almost overwhelming difficulties, the young actor won from them all repeated applause, and at the close of the performance a prolonged call. Mr. Scott then first made his explanation, introducing Edwin Booth as "the worthy scion of a noble stock," adding, under his breath, "I'll wager they don't know what that means." At the hotel, on his return, Edwin discovered his father in apparently the same position and mood as when he had left him, vouchsafing no remark, except a cold question in regard to how he had succeeded. Yet he always believed that as his father had once before seen his performance of Tressel, so now he had witnessed the entire tragedy of *Richard III.*, having been really very much pleased with his success on both occasions. Edwin was at that time barely seventeen years of age. In his later life, in referring to those early days, he wrote:

"Thenceforth he [the elder Booth] made no great objection to my acting occasionally with him, although he never gave me instruction, professional advice, or encouragement in any form. He had doubtless resolved to make me work my way unaided; and though his seeming indifference was painful then, it compelled me to exercise my callow wits; it made me *think!*"

Under Theodore Barton, of Baltimore, at a salary of six dollars a week, Edwin played, shortly after, an unimportant engagement in still more unimportant rôles. And it is a curious fact that this young actor, who was able to satisfy in Richard III. an audience awaiting his father, should have utterly failed in minor parts, Madame Ciocca, with whom he essayed pantomime, openly abusing him for his *gaucherie*.

It was about this time—he was uncertain of the date—that Edwin, as he was in after-years very fond of telling, played Titus to his father's Brutus one night in Washington, and in the presence of the author, John Howard Payne. During the same engagement, in the same city, he remembered playing Young Norval—the Old Norval of his father—in a gown borrowed from the leading lady's costume of Helen Macgregor, using the skirts as a kilt, and wearing the bodice, as he expressed it, "hind side before." These are but poor examples of the curious and interesting experience of his early life which his friends have so often heard him relate.

In 1852 the father and son undertook that memorable journey to California which brought so many changes into their lives. They crossed the Isthmus on mules. Each man as he slept held a pistol in his hand. To the one lady of the party a hammock was given. The men lay on wine casks and barrels, over which blankets had been thrown. Edwin kept silent watch through the long hours, hearing but not understanding the low whispers of the natives, who sat sharpening great knives near by, while rats, undisturbed by the intruders, ran about the hut.

After two weeks in San Francisco the Booths went to Sacramento, but affairs in California were at that time in so deplorable a condition that the elder Booth insisted on returning East, and on leaving Edwin behind him to gain an experience which the father felt would be of inestimable value to him. It had been at the solicitation of Junius Brutus Booth, Jun., that the journey was originally planned. Brilliant results had been hoped for, but a period of great depression had begun in California for those early settlers, who, a few months before, had been elated beyond measure by belief in the prospects of enormous wealth. The promised theatre in San Francisco had not even been started, and men were too frightened or too poor to make serious financial ventures of any kind.

There certainly could hardly have been a less propitious time for a young and inexperienced actor to face the world alone. And there now began for Edwin Booth a long and strange series of vicissitudes, such as would have tried the nerve of many a veteran, and which can hardly be repeated in the life of the newer generation of to-day. It was not alone that he was absolutely penniless, but that, being penniless, he had to carve his way to success through almost insurmountable difficulties, in mining camps, in half-settled and wholly new communities, and this in the cold of winter nights, and after having been snow-bound upon the mountain roads sometimes for days together.

It was in one of the dreariest of all these places, as Mrs. Clarke tells us, that the news of his father's death reached him. "There is a mail, and a letter for *you*," said some one who recognized him by the light of a lantern, as he walked in the slush and mud of a miserable little town, where gold-diggers had undermined the houses, and left deep and yawning gulches in all the roads. A courier, long delayed by the snows, had at last broken through the great banks and brought the mail. "What news is there?" Edwin had asked, but knew in a moment what his old friend Spear was afraid to tell him. The blow was crushing; and this loyal, hypersensitive son found it difficult to forgive himself for what he imagined to be the desertion of his father.

Financial straits of greater severity settled down upon this sorrowing youth and his friends. They walked for fifty miles through snow-drifts for engagements, only to disband at their destination—Marysville. With a borrowed ten dollars in his pocket, Edwin started for Sacramento, to find when he reached there that fire and flood had nearly destroyed the town. From Sacramento he went at once to San Francisco, with no prospects and in utter despair. There some friend returned him twenty dollars, lent and forgotten long before, and for the first, last, and only time in his life he walked into one of the gambling-saloons, too common in those days, and lost it all!

It may be fitting in this connection to say a word here concerning a very serious charge, the public discussion of which caused the subject of it much unhappiness. Edwin Booth was *not* a drinking man. During a long and intimate friendship with him of nearly twenty years' standing, in all kinds of society and under all circumstances, some of them the most trying that man can endure, I have never seen him touch brandy, whiskey, or spirits of any kind, and I do not remember his drinking even the lightest of table wines half a dozen times during all that period. And in this I will be heartily supported by the testimony of those who have been associated with him in any way. He was subject to attacks of vertigo long before his first slight stroke of paralysis upon the stage at Rochester in 1889, and his occasional feebleness and unsteadiness of speech and of movement were entirely attributable to that cause. It is safe to assert that any temperate man with an ordinarily strong head for such things could drink at a single sitting, and without showing or feeling its effects, all the wine and liquor put together which Mr. Booth consumed during the last five years of his life.

But to return to those early days in California. About this time, Fairchild, a scene-painter in San Francisco, induced Booth to play Richard III. at his (Fairchild's) benefit, which he did with such success that the managers, departing from their original intention—that of devoting their theatre to comedy—proposed to Booth the production of certain tragedies. He then played Sir Edward Mortimer, Shylock, Richard III., and Othello. At his own benefit, which followed, he assumed the part of Hamlet for the first time. According to Mrs. Clarke, Booth's choice of Hamlet on this occasion was made for reasons he held sacred. Long before, during that unproductive stay at Sacramento, Edwin, playing Jaffier to his father's Pierre, had, while in the black dress of that character, come suddenly upon his father on the steps of his dressing-room, to be greeted by him in his characteristic way: "You look like Hamlet. Why did you not do it for your benefit?" and Edwin had answered, "If I ever have another benefit, I will."

After his father's death these words, though carelessly spoken, had assumed for him the solemnity of a promise. And his promise he always kept. He did not remember in after-years the date of this memorable first performance of Hamlet, and the bill of that night was lost, unfortunately, with his other treasured Penates, at the time of the destruction of the Winter Garden Theatre in New York.

This benefit was followed by precarious days. Booth found himself gradually forced into the position of a stock star on a miserable salary. His name was used to draw when the names of others failed. He played secondary parts to Mrs. Catherine Sinclair, who had come to open the new theatre. James Murdock followed, and then came Laura Keene, who ascribed her failure to "Edwin Booth's bad acting"! Mr. D. C. Anderson and Booth at that time were living in a little hut on the outskirts of San Francisco, cooking their own meals, and washing and mending their own clothes.

Booth was persuaded by Mr. Anderson to go with him to Australia, actors returning from that country having given glowing accounts of the prospects and possibilities there. He played, when at Sydney, Shylock to Miss Keene's Portia. His Richard III. was received with great applause. But the unfavorable conditions existing at Melbourne induced this wandering band of players to return home. On their way to California their vessel stopped at Honolulu, where Booth put all his money, fifty dollars, into the rent for one month of the Royal Hawaiian Theatre, and where Mr. Roe, a short, thick-set German, doubling his parts, played both the Duke and the Duchess of York.

The Hawaiian court was at that time in mourning. The King of the Sandwich Islands as a child had seen the elder Booth as Richard III. in New York, and not wishing to miss the performance of the son in this same rôle, he went to the theatre, attended by two escorts, and sat on an armchair in the wings. When in the coronation scene this chair was needed as a throne, the King, with perfect amiability, yielded it to the uncrowned monarch of the stage.

Another benefit was given him before sailing, when he played King Lear for the first time.

On his return to San Francisco, Booth played, at the Metropolitan Theatre, Benedick to Mrs. Sinclair's Beatrice. A short and successful engagement followed at the American Theatre, and then once more Booth went to Sacramento, where the manager, for economical reasons, dismissed him. With Mr. Sedley, Mrs. Sinclair, and a Mr. Venua, he then leased a shabby theatre, and for the first time in America *The Marble Heart* was produced, Booth creating the part of Raphael. The success of this play was enormous there, but on the road it proved so great a failure that the company disbanded; and Booth was again obliged to make new overtures. He went next to San Francisco, and from there, with eight or ten persons, he started on a tour through the mining towns—Booth on horseback; the manager, his wife, and the stage properties in a large covered wagon. Stops were made at settlements of only a few huts, and *The Iron Chest* and *Katherine and Petruchio* were on the standard bill

The profits from this journey were not great; and Booth, having left his horse in payment for a debt, arrived in a penniless condition in Sacramento. Here meeting Mr. Butler, an architect, he was made by that gentleman to see the importance of his return to the East, where other men were trying to fill the place left vacant by his father. Two benefits having been arranged by Mr. Butler, Booth left Sacremento free from debt, and carrying with him various testimonials from the public.

Those who welcomed his return to his old home in Maryland found few changes in his appearance. "He had come back older in experience only," says Mrs. Clarke, "for he looked like a boy still, and very fragile; his wild black eyes and long locks gave him an air of melancholy. He had the gentle dignity and inherent grace that one attributes to a young prince, yet he was merry, cheerful, and boyish in disposition, as one can imagine Hamlet to have been in the days before the tragedy was enacted in the orchard."

Booth opened at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, in the character of Richard III. Under J. T. Ford he played a short engagement in Washington, and at Richmond, Virginia, where Joseph Jefferson was at that time stage-manager. It was here that he met Miss Mary Devlin, who afterwards became his wife, and who was then a member of Mr. Jefferson's personal and dramatic family.

In the spring of 1857, Booth, having accepted an offer from Thomas Barry, played Sir Giles Overreach at the Boston Theatre. His success was instantaneous. He followed this character with a round of others, and on May 4th he made his bow before a New York audience as Richard III., at the Metropolitan Theatre, afterwards the Winter Garden, and then managed by William E. Burton. It had been entirely in opposition to the expressed wishes of the star that announcements of his appearance as Richard III. had been made. A character so closely identified with the great successes of his father was hardly the one in which this son cared to present himself. Everything in his sensitive nature was offended at the whole proceeding. It was with a feeling of outraged mortification and indignation that on his arrival in New York he read the flaming posters announcing him as "The Hope of the Living Drama!" "Son of the Great Tragedian!" and adding, "Richard's himself again!"

The actors who played with him, to whom rumors of his fame had come, were not altogether prepared for the manner of man he was. Lawrence Barrett, who was Tressel on that opening night, thus describes his first appearance at rehearsal: "A slight pale youth, with black flowing hair, soft brown eyes full of tenderness and gentle timidity, a manner mixed with shyness and quiet repose. He took his place with no air of conquest or self-assertion, and gave his directions with a grace and courtesy which have never left him." In the company on this occasion were many famous players—John Gilbert, Daniel Setchell, Mark Smith, Charles Fisher, and Lawrence Barrett.

During the next few years Booth played in Baltimore, Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, Memphis, Mobile, Montgomery, St. Louis, and Louisville. In the winter of 1857 he was at the Howard Athenæum, in Boston, under the management of E. L. Davenport, with Lawrence Barrett and John McCullough in the company. While in Boston he began that careful revision of his plays which finally resulted in the *Edwin Booth's Prompt-Books*, edited by William Winter in 1878.

In 1860 Booth married Miss Devlin, who had retired from the stage the year before.

During this year (1860) he played at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, under the management of Wheatley and Clarke, giving for the first time his new interpretation of Bertuccio, in Tom Taylor's *Fool's Revenge*.

On December 10, 1860, Booth and Miss Charlotte Cushman began ten performances at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, playing Wolsey and Queen Katharine in *Henry VIII.*, Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, Shylock and Portia, Katherine and Petruchio. Booth's Macbeth, full as it was of fine intellectual quality, failed to please Miss Cushman, who begged him to remember that "Macbeth was not the father of all the Bowery villains!"

In September, 1861, Mr. and Mrs. Booth sailed for England. A series of accidents and misunderstandings made their visit almost a failure. In London he was met with what bordered closely upon open hostility. He opened at the Haymarket Theatre as Shylock, and played during this engagement Sir Giles Overreach. *Richard III.* was produced at the request of E. H. Sothern, but the support was so bad that the performance became almost a farce. After much hesitation, Mr. Buckstone, Booth's manager, consented to his appearance as Richelieu. Groups of men had gathered before and behind the curtain to hiss the performance, but the spell of Booth's magnetic acting roused the house to the wildest pitch of excitement, and adverse demonstration was impossible. Unfortunately, just at this moment, when his triumph was complete, Booth was obliged to leave London. He played for three weeks at Manchester, Henry Irving being a member of the stock company. He afterwards went to Paris, where the sword worn by Frédéric Lemaître in *Ruy Blas*, now the property of The Players, was presented to him. On his return to England, finding that Fechter was monopolizing the Shakespearian drama, Booth sailed for America. During the early part of his visit to England his only daughter was born, at Fulham, in the month of December, 1861.

On September 2, 1862, he began a successful engagement at the Winter Garden Theatre, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway supporting him. In Philadelphia he played Macbeth to Miss Cushman's Lady Macbeth, for the benefit of the Woman's Branch of the United States Sanitary Commission. On February 9, 1863, his wife, Mary Devlin Booth, died at Dorchester, Massachusetts, where she had gone in failing health.

Booth did not appear before the public again for some months after the death of his wife, that loyal friend Lawrence Barrett playing for him Richard III. and Ruy Blas.

With Mr. J. S. Clarke, the friend of his school days, and his sister's husband, Booth, in October, 1863, purchased the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia. On March 28, 1864, having dissolved partnership with Clarke, he played *The Fool's Revenge* at Niblo's Garden, and for the first time in New York. On August 18, 1864, the Winter Garden Theatre was opened by Booth, John S. Clarke, and William Stuart. Mr. Stuart was known as the manager, but the leasing of the theatre had been undertaken in order to give Booth an opportunity for his own arrangement and setting of the plays. He occupied a suite of rooms in the theatre, narrowly escaping from them with his life when the building was burned in 1867.

Booth voted but once in life, and that was for Abraham Lincoln, in November, 1864. Not many days after this, on November 25, 1864, the three Booth brothers appeared in *Julius Cæsar*—Junius Brutus Booth as Cassius, Edwin as Brutus, and John Wilkes as Marc Antony. "The eldest," writes Mr. Clarke, "powerfully built and handsome as an antique Roman, Edwin with his magnetic fire and graceful dignity, and John Wilkes, in the perfection of youthful beauty, stood side by side, again and again, before the curtain." The aged mother of the Booths sat looking at them from a private box.

Following quickly upon this performance, and on the night of November 26, 1864, Edwin Booth began his hundred consecutive nights of *Hamlet*. The play was mounted with a magnificence unknown in the history of the American stage since the days of Charles Kean at the old Park Theatre, and enjoyed a longer run than any other play of Shakespeare had done up to that time. "I remember well," says Mrs. John Sherwood, "in the first year of our war, when we were profoundly miserable and frightened, what a relief it was to go and see Booth in *Hamlet*." "He is altogether princely," wrote Mr. George William Curtis in those days. "His playing throughout has an exquisite tone like an old picture.... It is not any particular scene, or passage, or look, or movement, that conveys the impression; it is the consistency of every part with every other, the pervasive sense of the mind of a true gentleman sadly strained and jarred."

A romantic interest attaches to the skull used by Booth in the graveyard scene in *Hamlet*. During one of his father's visits to Louisville, years before, the horse-thief Lovett, then lying in jail, was pointed out to him. The elder Booth, being at all times a man of ready sympathy, and hearing that Lovett had no means of obtaining counsel, employed a lawyer for his defence, though he understood from the first that Lovett had no case. Lovett, out of gratitude, bequeathed his skull to Junius Booth to be used in *Hamlet*, "that he might think when he held it in his hands of the gratitude his kindness had awakened." After Lovett's death this skull was sent to the elder Booth. Edwin used it for some time, but finding that the grave-diggers injured it, he substituted for it a property skull. Lovett's skull is now carefully preserved on a bracket in the corner of the apartment at The Players which Mr. Booth reserved for himself, and occupied during the last years of his life.

Booth played Sir Edward Mortimer at the Boston Theatre on the night of April 14, 1865. The next morning the news of the great calamity which had befallen the country reached him. Resolving to leave the stage at once and forever, he retired, overwhelmed with sorrow and shame, to his home in New York, where he lived in the strictest retirement and the deepest dejection for many months, supported by the kindly sympathy of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Launt Thompson, and other old and trusted friends.

Many urgent reasons made Booth's return to the stage both a necessity and an obligation, and at last he reappeared at the Winter Garden Theatre as Hamlet on January 3, 1866. In the streets, as the crowds gathered, angry threats were heard, though, for the most part, a kind and temperate spirit prevailed, while inside the theatre men from every part of the country had assembled. Nine times they cheered him as he entered. Showers of flowers fell upon the stage, and the house was shaken with the tumult of applause. In Boston, Philadelphia, wherever he appeared after this momentous return, the same generous welcome was accorded him.

During the engagement at the Winter Garden Theatre the presentation to Booth of the famous "Hamlet Medal" was made. After the performance of the tragedy on January 22d, Booth, still in his stage dress, received a notable group of men. Admiral Farragut, Major-General Robert Anderson, John T. Hoffman, George Bancroft, Charles A. Dana, Judge Daly, S. R. Gifford, Launt Thompson, Jervis McEntee, were among the number. William Fullerton made the presentation speech.

In January, 1866, Booth, with J. S. Clarke, leased the Boston Theatre. After his engagement in Boston he appeared in Philadelphia on the 23d of April, 1866, to commemorate the anniversary of the "Birth and Death of Shakespeare." During the fifty-one nights which succeeded he played Othello, Romeo, Shylock, Richard III., Ruy Blas, Don César de Bazan, Hamlet, Richelieu, Petruchio, The Stranger, Bertuccio, Sir Giles Overreach, and Pescara. *Hamlet* ran for twenty-one nights. Booth produced *Richelieu* at the Winter Garden on February 1, 1866. On the 29th of the following December he played Iago to the Othello of Bogumil Dawison, Othello speaking German, Iago English, and Desdemona (Madame Methua Schiller) German to Othello and English to the rest of the company. The event of this season (1866–7) was the production of the *Merchant of Venice* on January 28, 1867, this play running for seven weeks. On the 22d of March, *Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin*, was given. On the 23d of March the theatre was burned, Booth losing all his properties, including many articles once belonging to Edmund Kean, John Philip Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons.

The destruction of this house led to the building of Booth's Theatre. To raise money for this enterprise Booth travelled for two years. In Chicago Miss Mary M'Vicker, whom he afterwards married, made her first appearance as Juliet to his Romeo. In Baltimore he played Sir Giles Overreach, Miss M'Vicker playing Margaret. Owing to an unfortunate sword thrust while playing Pescara in the *Apostate*, he was obliged to act in *Hamlet*, *Richard III.*, and *Othello* carrying his right arm in a sling, fencing with his left. After his engagement in Baltimore he made a tour of the Southern and Western States.

Booth's Theatre was opened on the 3d of February, 1869, with the production of *Romeo and Juliet*, given for the first time in America in the original text of Shakespeare. The house of Juliet in the second act was sixty feet in height, and had two balconies, one above the other. Romeo's ladder was thrown over the balustrade of this solidly constructed building. Fifty men were required to set and draw the "loggia scene" above the flies. The play ran for sixty-eight nights, Booth playing Romeo, Miss M'Vicker Juliet, and Edwin Adams Mercutio.

The Moor of Venice was produced on April 19, 1869, Edwin Adams and Edwin Booth alternating as Othello, Miss M'Vicker playing Desdemona. On June 21st *Enoch Arden* was given by Adams, the theatre remaining open during the summer. Booth and Miss M'Vicker were married June 7, 1869, the lady retiring permanently from the stage. She died on her husband's birthday, on the 13th of November, 1881.

Among the plays produced by Booth at his theatre were *Romeo and Juliet*, *Winter's Tale*, *Hamlet*, *Richelieu*, *Julius Cæsar*, *The Moor of Venice*, *Macbeth*, *Lady of Lyons*, *The Iron Chest*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Richard III.*, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, *Fool's Revenge*, *The Fall of Tarquin*, and *Don Cesar de Bazan*. When Booth travelled, other "stars" filled the time at the theatre, Miss Neilson, Joseph Jefferson, Miss Bateman, and J. S. Clarke appearing there at intervals.

Edwin Adams was Booth's leading man, and had the privilege of producing his own plays on Saturday nights. With Lawrence Barrett the same arrangement was made the season following.

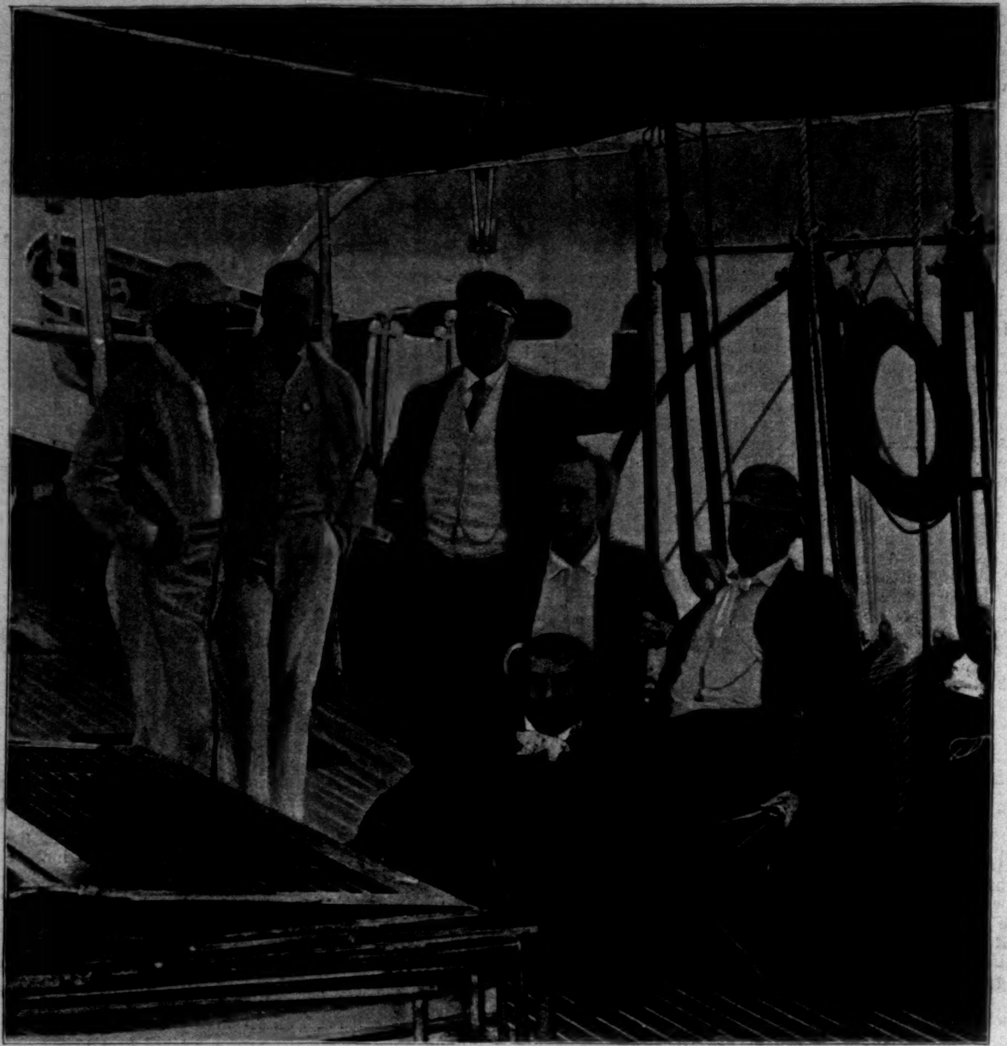
Booth's Theatre, which had taken two years in building, had cost him in its construction over a million of dollars. But the nervous strain of managing so vast an affair, together with his acting, proved too great. In 1873 the theatre was leased to J. B. Booth, who met with little success, and Booth found himself suddenly bankrupt. He surrendered to his creditors all his personal and private property, including his books, and retired to Cos Cob, Connecticut. So perished one of his fondest hopes.

Booth on October 25, 1875, opened at Mr. Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre. At this time he produced for the first time his own adaptation of Shakespeare's *Richard II.*, a play once acted by both Edmund Kean and the elder Booth, but afterward allowed by them to fall into disuse.

During this engagement Booth played *King Lear* from the original text. With J. T. Ford he travelled through the South, giving fifty-two performances. With Mr. M'Vicker he travelled in the West, his engagement closing in June, 1876.

John McCullough, understanding the extent of Booth's bankruptcy, urged his going to California. On the 5th of September, 1876, Booth arrived in San Francisco, twenty years to a day since he had left the city. His old friend D. C. Anderson was still there, but all traces of their former haunts had disappeared.

Booth's success in San Francisco was overwhelming. During the same season he was again, however, at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, under the management of Mr. McVicker. At the Academy of Music in Brooklyn, while still under Mr. McVicker's management, Booth played to enormous houses, although the panic caused by the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre, with a loss of more than three hundred lives, had almost destroyed the business of every other company. He then went to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Cincinnati, closing his long engagement on the 19th of May, 1877, with three weeks at the Globe Theatre in Boston. On September 10, 1877, he was again at work under Mr. McVicker, in Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville, Cleveland, St. Louis, Buffalo, Lockport, Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, and Albany. In January, 1878, he rented Booth's Theatre, playing for six weeks under his own management. Later he played at the Park Theatre, Boston, for three weeks, then at Pittsburg for two, for two at Baltimore, and for three weeks at Clarke's Broad Street Theatre, in Philadelphia. For five weeks he appeared at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and later he went to Detroit and Chicago. In Chicago, on the night of April 23d (Shakespeare's birth-day), he was fired at from the pit by a lunatic named Gray. At the third shot he rose and walked to the foot-lights, pointing out the would-be assassin to the startled audience. The excitement naturally was intense. One of the bullets missed him by a few inches. Had he left his chair at the proper and expected moment in the play —*Richard II.*—he could not have escaped. This bullet he preserved as a talisman, wearing it on his watch-chain, having engraved upon it "From Mark Gray to Edwin Booth, April 23, 1879." From every part of the country expressions of congratulation reached him, when, as his sister observed, he particularly "needed such sympathy to stimulate him in the pursuit of his profession, for so many adverse circumstances seemed to conspire to enervate and overcome his powers."

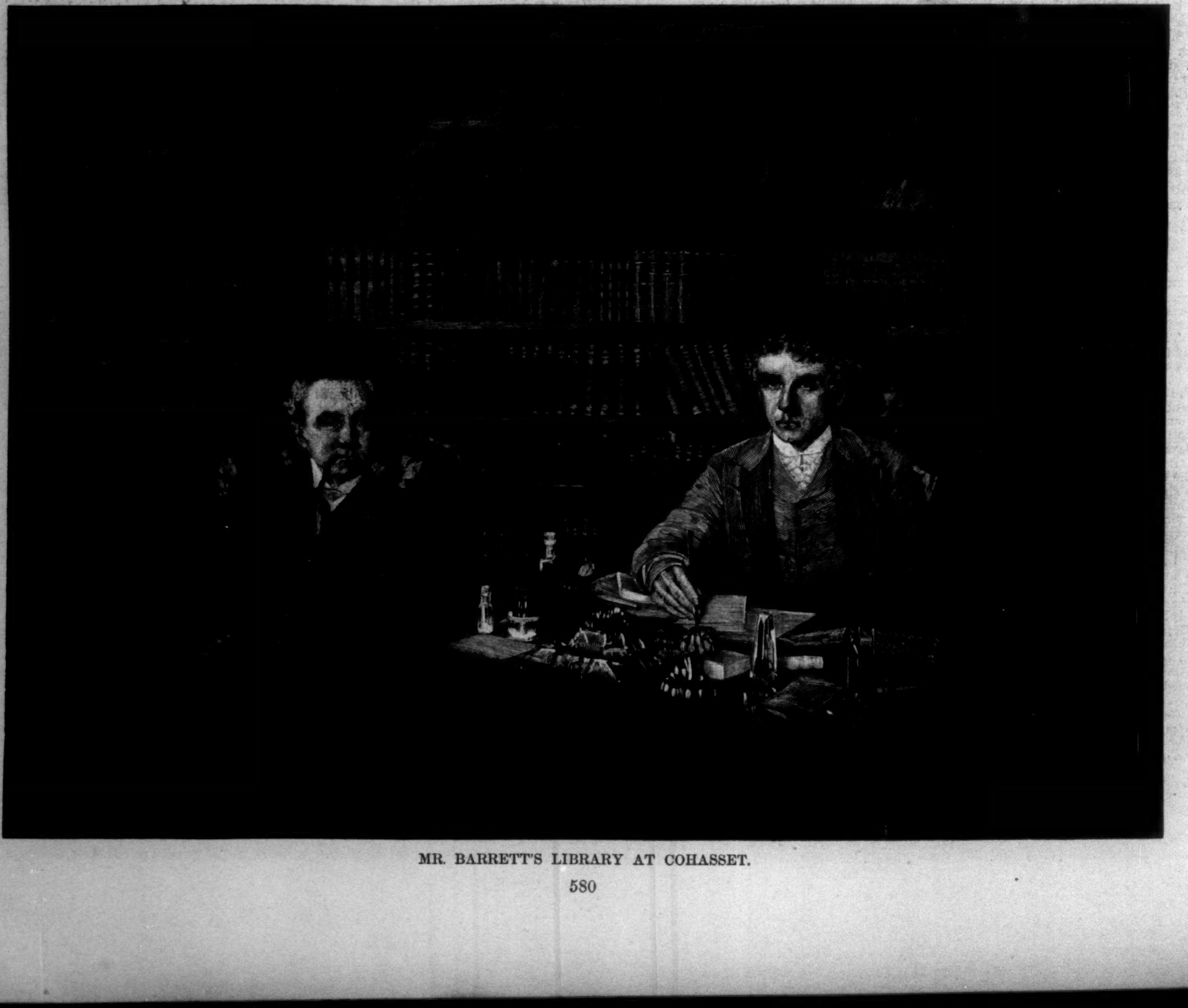

ON THE YACHT "ONEIDA."

At the close of his Chicago engagement Booth rested till October 6th, when he began a two weeks' engagement in Baltimore, going from there to the Broad Street Theatre in Philadelphia, and for four weeks playing at the Grand Opera-house in New York. Under Mr. Abbey's management he began a brilliant engagement at the Park Theatre, Boston, in March, 1880. Under Mr. Abbey again he played, in April, 1880, for four weeks at Booth's Theatre. After an engagement in Brooklyn, Booth played Petruchio at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, for the benefit of the "Edgar Poe Memorial Fund," this being his last performance before sailing for England. On the 15th of June a public breakfast was given to him at Delmonico's, New York. The speeches were made by Judge John R. Brady, Judge Charles P. Daly, Algernon S. Sullivan, Edmund C. Stedman, Rev. Robert Collyer, Rev. Ferdinand C. Ewer, Lawrence Barrett, Lester Wallack, Joseph Jefferson, and William Warren, and a poem was read by William Winter.

Booth, with his wife and daughter, sailed from New York on the 13th of June, 1880. After a few months' travel on the Continent he opened the new Princess Theatre, London, on the 6th of November, as Hamlet. He afterwards played at this house Richelieu, Bertuccio, Othello, Iago, Petruchio, Shylock, and King Lear. At the Lyceum Theatre the next season, under Henry Irving, he played Iago and Othello, alternating the parts with that gentleman. And during the summer of 1882 he was at the London Adelphi. His last professional visit to Europe was made in the summer of 1883, when he played in English with a German-speaking company in the capital cities of Germany, often prompting the persons who supported him, although quite unfamiliar with their language. These engagements were, in an artistic point of view, enormously successful.

Between 1881 and 1886 he played during the winter seasons throughout the United States with all his old fire and skill. It was not until a year or two later that his waning physical powers and his own wishes led him to retire. That he remained, perhaps, too long upon the stage he was fully aware, but he could not resist the appeals of his old comrade, Mr. Barrett, nor his own inclinations to help his fellow-players when they needed his personal support.

In combination with Mr. Barrett, therefore, and under the business management of that gentleman, he began, at Buffalo, New York, in 1887, a series of brilliant seasons, which ended only with Mr. Barrett's death in 1891. They played together in *Hamlet*, *Julius Cæsar*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Othello*, and *Richelieu*, Mr. Barrett taking the parts of Claudius, Cassius, Antonio, Othello and Iago, and Du Maurat, when they attracted the largest audiences, at an increased scale of prices, ever seen, for so many consecutive nights, in the history of the theatre in the United States. In 1890 Mr. Booth, supported by Madame Modjeska, still under Mr. Barrett's management, but not in connection with him, played a limited engagement throughout the country; and in 1891 the two stars were again seen in conjunction at the Broadway Theatre, New York, until Mr. Barrett's sudden death in March brought the season to a close. Booth's last appearance upon any stage was at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, at the matinée performance on Saturday, April 4th, of that year; and his last public utterance, in a short speech made after the fall of the curtain on that occasion, is worth quoting in full. It is taken from the report written


MR. BARRETT'S LIBRARY AT COHASSET.

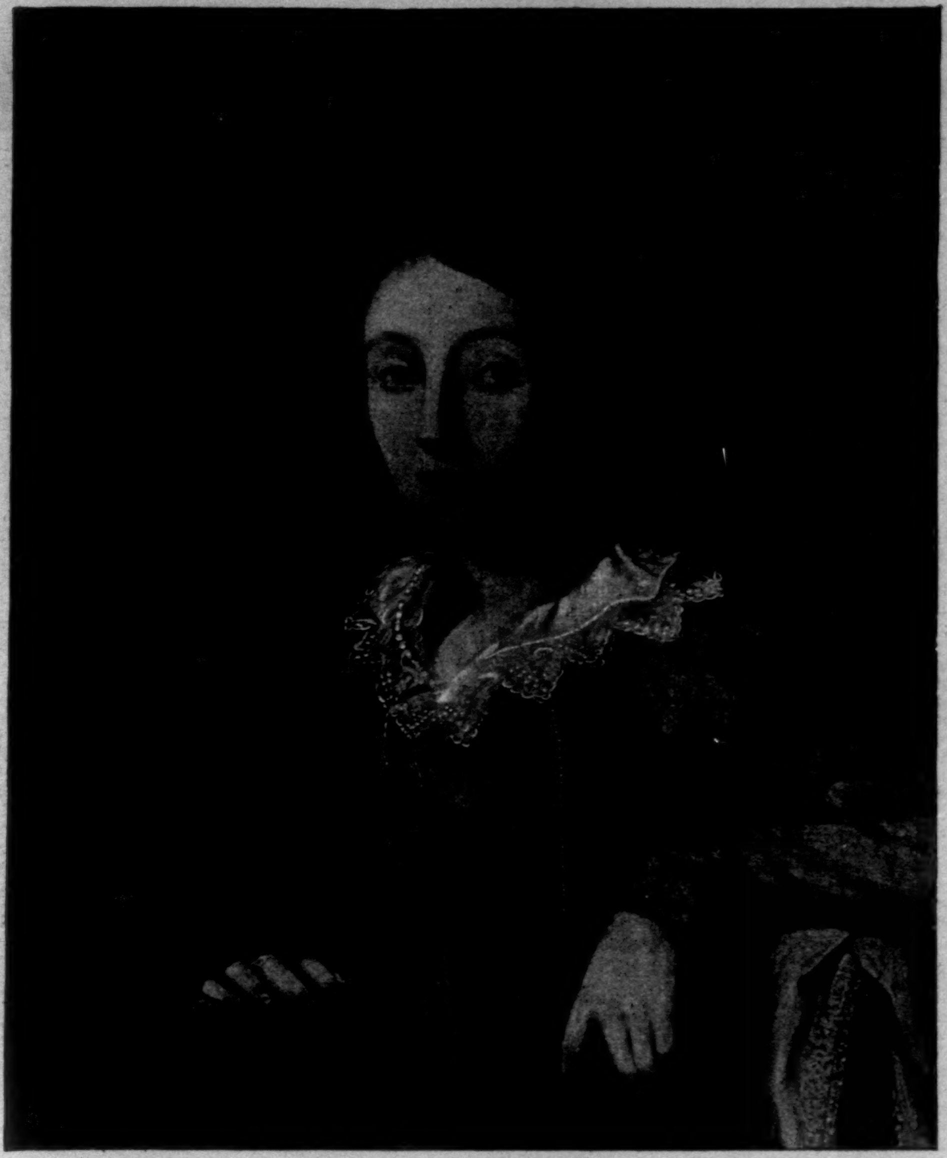
MR. AND MRS. BOOTH AND DAUGHTER.

for the *Tribune* of the next day by Mr. William Winter. "Ladies and gentlemen, I scarcely know what to say, and, indeed, I can only make my usual speech—of thanks and gratitude. I thank you for this kindness. It will never be forgotten. I hope that this is not the last time I shall have the honor of appearing before you. When I come again I trust that I shall be able to give greater attention than I have ever given to whatever part I may play. I hope that my health and strength may be improved so that I can serve you better; and I shall always try to deserve the favor you have shown."

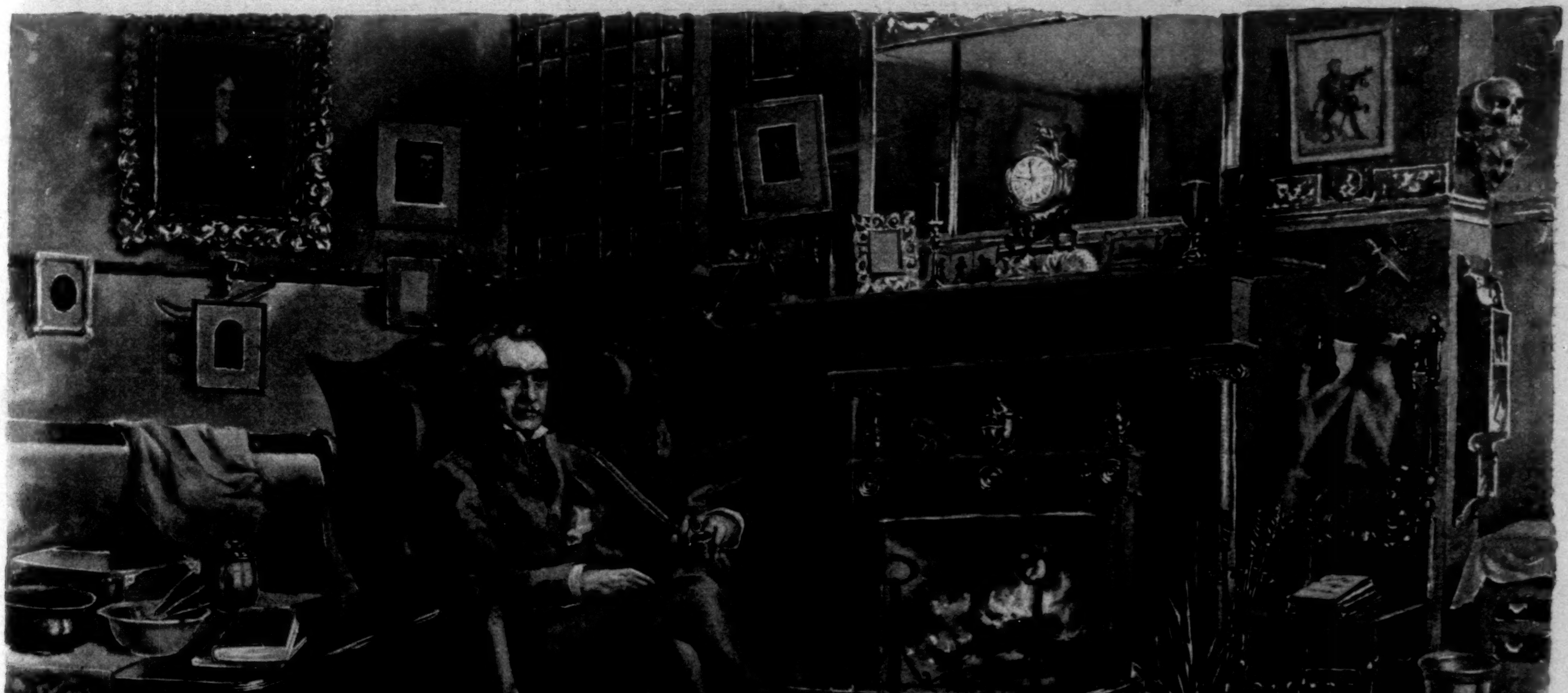
The last words of Hamlet, however—the last words which Mr. Booth, as an actor, ever uttered—are much more significant and much more touching—"The rest is silence!"

Edwin Booth lived in quiet, happy retirement at his home in the house of The Players, watched and cheered by his loving daughter and a few old friends, until, at last, early on the morning of the 7th of June, Death beckoned him away, and he passed to his reward.

THE REST IS SILENCE!



MR. BOOTH'S MOTHER.—FROM AN OLD PAINTING.



MR. BOOTH IN HIS ROOM AT "THE PLAYERS."—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY HORACE BRADLEY.

AMATEVR-SPORT

The Yale-Harvard crews started for New London last Saturday, June 10th. They will begin final preparations for the great race of the 30th on much more even terms than they did in 1892.

Last year Yale sent an eight to New London that was fully prepared to do crew-work and crew-rowing. All the individual faults of the men had been eradicated before they left New Haven; they were rowing pretty well together, the men were all in good condition physically, and equal to almost any amount of work, and all that was left for the coachers and the men in the boat to do was to improve on that crew-rowing in order to make a fast eight.

This year Yale sends an eight to New London that has many individual faults and a limited amount of crew-rowing. There is a great deal more work left for the coachers this year than last, and it is strange that there is too, when it is remembered that last year J. A. Hartwell, the captain, had a lot of more or less green material to work on, while this year Captain Ives has five of the men who sat in the winning boat last June on the Thames. And this goes to show that a veteran crew is not invariably the easier handled. In fact, it is the exception where a veteran in a boat keeps his interest alive during the long period of ding-dong coaching; he is apt to work perfunctorily.

Crew-work does not become good crew-work until the eight men seem to be rowing as one. Like a machine, they must all appear to be connected, if not physically at least mentally. They must all think alike, and think at the same time, and of the same thing, in order to produce that machinelike work and exactness.

This is what seemed to be the matter with the Yale crew when seen last at New Haven on the eve of their departure for New London. To the casual observer the work of the men looks smooth and to some extent finished, but the fact is it seems to be done with too much effort. Van Huyck, at 3, for instance, was swinging out of the boat to port and twisting himself on the finish, thus bringing his hands into his body in an awkward and unnatural way. Rogers, at 5, while rowing in good form, did not keep up with the speed of the boat, so that he seemed to drop behind. Ives, at 7, and Johnson, bow, were together.

The out-board work of the Yale crew on the recovery is good. The blades all come out of the water at the same time, excepting that of No. 2, without splashing, and go back as cleanly, and are brought close to the water on the catch, all the blades losing their feather at the same time and dipping with the same bevel. But the in-board work of the recovery is not so good. No. 2 has a tendency to drop over in the full reach. No. 3 is slow in getting his hands away from his body on the first part. No. 7 moves much too lively for No. 6 to follow him closely. All this makes the recovery, so far as the in-board work is concerned, look slightly irregular. When all the men will move a little more in unison on the first part of the recovery, the effect to the eye will be much more pleasing, and the effect on the shell will, and must, inevitably be more speed. If the coachers and Captain Ives can remove those little and yet important faults, the work of the crew will be encouragingly better.

On the port side of the boat, Messler, at 2, was slow, rowing a short stroke, and dropping over at the catch. This sends his oar into the air just before going into the water, making him take the water behind the others. Longacre, No. 4, is not in time. Paine, at 6, pulled a strong oar, and sat well up to his work, thus helping along 7 and 8. Stroke once in a while let his crew drive him, instead of remaining master of the situation, but as a rule 8, 7, and 6 were well together, while the rest of the men were slow or awkward, and seemed to stop out as it were.

In spite of these individual faults, however, the fact remains that the Yale boat travels well and at times fast. If the coachers can get all the men to swing together and pull alike, there is no reason why the crew should not turn out to be a fast one. The blades catch the water hard, and the stroke is pulled through with a vim and dash. It is altogether probable we shall see Yale get together, and once again start that "rowing machine" over the flagged course on the Thames.

The Harvard crew has had a lively week. Early and late they have been worked, and several times put over the four-mile course at full speed, closely followed by the launch, and severely criticised by ex-Captain Perkins, who has put life and dash into his coaching, and stirred the crew up in such a manner as to have a good effect upon the motion of the shell. It no longer rolls from side to side, but is kept fairly well on its keel. There is still room for great improvement, but on the whole the progress has been satisfactory, and the advance, with the exception of the rowing of one or two of the men, gratifying to both coach and captain. On June 10th they went to New London, and the crew, with possibly the exception of bow, is practically settled. Burgess may keep his position in the bow, but he will have to put forth his very best efforts to do so. Strong as he is and plucky, as every one knows him to be, he wastes his strength, and by the unevenness of his stroke greatly impedes the progress of the crew. His heart and soul are in his work, but as yet he has not grasped the principles of good rowing. He stands out as an individual, and fails to adjust himself to the rest of the crew, and is not, strictly speaking, a 'varsity man, but he can make himself a better imitation of one if he can only correct a few of his worst faults.

Starting with the catch, his oar goes into the water with the wrong face to the blade; it cuts in too deeply and travels along with a wavering motion which indicates that he does not keep a firm, steady pressure upon his stretcher. On the recover, his oar waves about in the air, and is not tossed out gracefully and evenly. His body-work, especially at the finish of the stroke, is awkwardness itself. He is absolutely without dexterity in the management of his shoulders, and hunches them badly when they should be held firmly back. He pulls hard, but his efforts instead of being directed to pushing the shell ahead are expended in first raising the bow out of the water, and then forcing it down into it. In fact, as he is rowing at present, he is more of a hinderance than an aid to the crew.

Johnson, at 2, handles himself fairly well, and though not especially strong pulls an average even stroke. He needs a little more confidence in himself, and more determination to make the most of his natural abilities. While his watermanship is not first-class, it is yet better than Burgess's, and he is a much more effective man. Like Burgess, he fails to keep his weight on the stretcher, but his body-work is much superior. He apparently has some difficulty in following Newell, and as he begins to get tired physically he allows himself to pay less and less attention to his time.

Newell, at 3, is the least-effective man, for his strength and experience, of all the men in the Harvard boat. He and Burgess pull very much alike. Like Burgess, he forces the shell up and down in the water instead of ahead. He has always been noted for his great strength, his large muscles, and his endurance, but "chesting out" does not help to win a boat-race, and that is about all Newell is doing at present. He finishes his slide and with great strength pulls the handle of his sweep down into his lap, believing, no doubt, he has helped the boat along, when in truth his great efforts have tended to destroy the work of the other men rather than fit into it. He dips too deeply, and pulls too much with his arms. From start to finish of the stroke he labors without finish, with marked muscular effort, and in poor time. His rowing is very poor for a man who has entered upon his third season in the 'varsity, but fortunately he is beginning to wake up to the fact, and during the past few days has shown that he can row better. If he learns to help instead of retarding the crew, he may become a useful member, but at present he is holding them back.

Davis, at 4, is the only member of the crew who is pulling his oar through the water at the proper level and with steady pressure. There is generally a hollow behind and a mound of water in front of his blade. He pulls an easy, graceful oar, and a decidedly effective one, considering his build and strength. His back is weak, or at least he finds it hard work to sit up when he is not rowing. He may be interested in his work, but he never has the appearance of it.

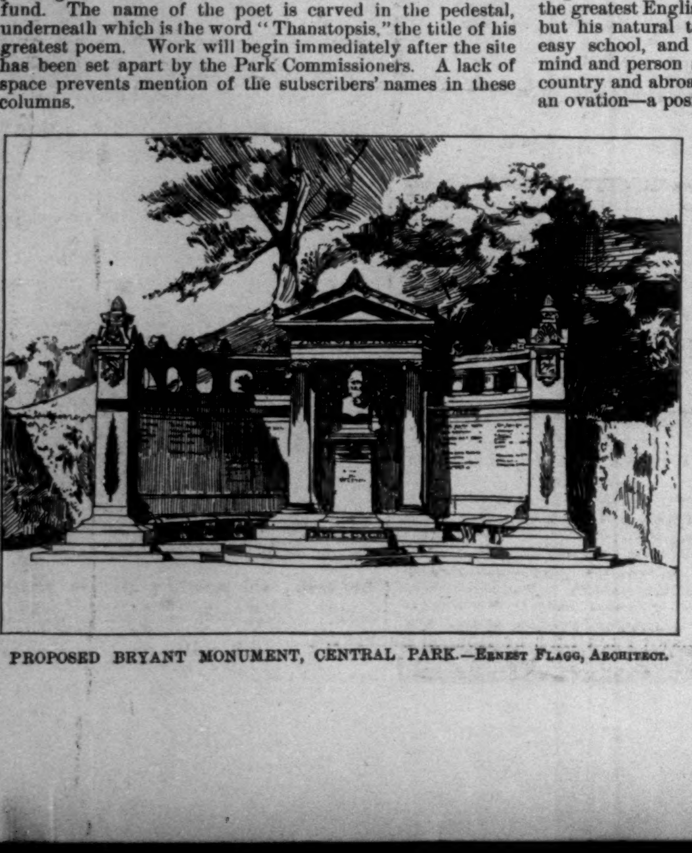
Fearing, at 5, is beginning to show the effects of hard work. He is a little overtrained, and has had to take a rest for a few days. His long reach and quick motions make him a hard man to follow, and were he not held back by the natural slowness of Vail in front of him, it is a question whether Davis could do so. As it is, in his endeavors to follow Vail he is forced to slow up and curtail his reach in order to keep time. He is rowing extremely well, considering the time he has been at it, and it is to be hoped that he will soon learn to depend less upon his arms and more upon his legs to push the boat ahead. At present he is not properly rigged. There is too much of an angle to his reach forward.

(Continued on page 586.)

THE BRYANT BUST.

After many years the bust of William Cullen Bryant, the American poet, by Launt Thompson, is to be removed from its resting-place in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and mounted upon a handsome monument of white marble in Central Park. The monument and pedestal for the bust were designed by Architect Ernest Flagg, of this city, and will be erected from the purest Italian marble. The bronze bust of the venerable poet was designed and executed several years ago, before Mr. Bryant's death, by the sculptor-artist Launt Thompson. It was submitted to Mr. Bryant and his family, and by them declared satisfactory. It was also passed upon by the Board of Park Commissioners of that time, but was never erected, owing to the rule which will not allow any monument erected in the parks until five years after the person's death. Since the bust was executed it has occupied a niche in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in Central Park.

The monument now to be erected will be placed in a location in Central Park to be determined upon to-day by the Park Commissioners. The money for its erection has been subscribed by Mr. Bryant's old friends and associates, members of the Century Club, of which Mr. Daniel Huntington is president and Mr. John Bigelow vice-president. The cost of the monument will be, exclusive of the bust, about $30,000. The inscriptions will consist of the titles of the poet's greatest works, and the names of the subscribers to the fund. The name of the poet is carved in the pedestal, underneath which is the word "Thanatopsis," the title of his greatest poem. Work will begin immediately after the site has been set apart by the Park Commissioners. A lack of space prevents mention of the subscribers' names in these columns.



PROPOSED BRYANT MONUMENT, CENTRAL PARK.—Ernest Flagg, Architect.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

By the death of Mr. Edwin Booth, whose name as our most representative actor has been a household word in this country for many years, the contemporary stage has lost the last link, or perhaps, more properly speaking, the remembrance of the last link, which bound it to a school of actors and acting, of dramatic art and methods and theories of dramatic art, now passed away. Is it because we are less intelligent or more so, more cultivated or the reverse, that we seem no longer to care for or take any interest in that style of acting and plays in and by which Mr. Booth earned his acknowledged reputation as the first English-speaking actor of his time? It would be hard to say. Certain it is, Mr. Booth is the last of his line, as well as of his family, and there is none either able or apparently anxious to take his place. It was a much more difficult matter to be thought a great actor in the days when Mr. Booth earned his reputation than in these days, when scenery and the calcium-light have become such important factors in histrionic art. Besides difficulties of many kinds, Mr. Booth had also to contend with the presence and reputation of a father so great as to be still thought by many people to have been the greatest English-speaking actor that ever trod the boards; but his natural talents, his thorough training in a not too easy school, and his rarely attractive characteristics of mind and person speedily won for Mr. Booth, both in this country and abroad—where, on his second visit, he received an ovation—a position in the dramatic world which has not been attained by any other actor of his time. As a man Mr. Booth was characterized by a gentle, placid indolence, which, when not stirred by his art, led him to, as it were, saunter through life with easy-going and kindly indifference. For all his nonchalance of thought and demeanor, the fires of real genius burned within, and when aroused he was, as the world well knows, capable of the highest passion and emotional expression. At times he would dominate the audience and the players around him with the very majesty of genius, and sweep everything before him with uncontrollable enthusiasm. Equally happy and admirable in his domestic and social relations, Mr. Booth was ever the subject of the warmest regard among those he honored with his friendship and sympathy, and by his gift to his beloved profession of the house and collections which made the Players Club a possibility, has left an enduring monument not only of his love for his art, but also for his friends.

The summer season is certainly upon us with all its dulness, as the theatres last week presented practically nothing in the way of novelty. *The Isle of Champagne* served to introduce to the New York public a new aspirant for prima-donna honors in the person of Miss Ritchie, a young and very pretty lady, who, in spite of the most unpromising material with which she had to work, must be accredited with having made a favorable impression on her début, and can be looked upon as possessing not a little promise. Messrs. Herrmann and Kellar both exhibited some new tricks, and that is all. Promenade concerts by Mr. Anton Seidl and his orchestra took the place of the varied entertainment inaugurated at the Madison Square Garden the previous week, which, as might have been expected, disappeared, lost, engulfed, and swallowed up in the immensity of its surroundings. The Seidl orchestra seems to play in rather better form than when last heard here, and looked upon as promenade concerts, these entertainments are certainly above the average. The programmes are pleasantly varied, and, as is usual with Mr. Seidl, well-selected. Monday and Friday of each week are set apart as Wagner nights, Tuesday as "Request" night, and so on.

The news comes from London that on its first production Leoncavallo's much-talked-of opera *I Pagliacci* was received with a favor quite equal to that accorded to Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana*. The general feeling seems to be that both works are of the same type—very interesting, very thrilling, full of incident and strong crude passion, with little psychological treatment, and almost primitive in their direct, forcible, almost savage truth and sincerity. Both composers have undoubtedly realized the modern dramatic tendency towards sensationalism, and have piled situation on situation, climax on climax, in a liberal if somewhat unfinished style. One critic speaks of *I Pagliacci* as a "shilling-shocker in glaring yellow colors"; another comments on the extreme art and skill in which comedy and tragedy walk hand in hand throughout the piece, so that there is an undercurrent of comedy in the tragic scenes, and in the most purely comedy situations there is a subsentiment of tragedy. Leoncavallo's melodies are spoken of as fresh, and, for the most part, original, but not entirely devoid of commonplaceness. It seems to be generally admitted that the scoring is excellent, and that whatever its faults, the work possesses the same kind of thrilling human interest that *Cavalleria Rusticana* does, although, as a whole, more cultured and refined than that work. To sum up, the consensus of opinion seems to be that *I Pagliacci*, while a highly dramatic and interesting work, can hardly be termed a great one, in that it fails in a measure to carry the conviction of its greatness; although it is full of go and strongly sincere and spontaneous, it never quite carries one beyond and away from a disposition to criticise. Like Mascagni's work, *I Pagliacci* shows the influence of the thought at least—and there is in some cases more than the thought—of other minds, but also proves its composer to be a thorough musician, possessed of great talent, even of genius and real dramatic feeling, and in so far holds out the greatest possible promise for future works by the same hand.

This latest product of what has been termed the modern Italian school of opera has been so much discussed and is exciting so much interest that a short summary of the plot may be of interest. The opera is in two acts, the scene being laid in Calabria at the Feast of the Assumption. During the prologue Tonio, a hunchback, the jester of a troupe of strolling players, steps before the curtain, and announcing himself as the "prologue" of ancient custom, foretells the story, showing "the sad fruits of love and passion." The curtain rises upon a picturesque scene at the entrance of the village, showing the travelling theatre, while to the sound of trumpet and drum the players come on. Canio, their leader, and Nedda, his wife (the Clown and Columbine), occupying the cart drawn by a donkey, and led by Peppe, the Harlequin. Canio is chaffed by the crowd concerning the attentions that the Hunchback pays to his wife, and his reply gives the key-note to what is to come. Should his wife deceive him, he says, he would be a very different man from the Pagliacco of the comedy, and the end would not be so pleasant. The Hunchback makes love to his mistress, and is laughed at, as her affections are bestowed upon Sylvio, a handsome villager, who now comes on to persuade her to fly with him. A passionate love duet founded upon a telling motive is partly overheard by the injured revengeful Tonio, who goes for Canio, and brings him up as Sylvio disappears. The husband overhears his wife make an appointment for that night with her lover, but does not see his face. Canio stifles his rage and decides to abide events, and the act ends with the outburst of his pathetic sorrow.

The assembling of the villagers for the Strollers' performance opens the second act. Sylvio is among the crowd. At first the comedy begins with a story of marital deception, which forms a strange repetition of what has actually happened previously. When Canio hears his wife making her midnight tryst in the very words used by her to her escaping lover, he can no longer restrain his rage, but declares himself an outraged husband bound on revenge. The spectators, thinking that the comedy is still in progress, warmly applaud the lifelike acting; Nedda tries to keep up the illusion, but Canio is in deadly earnest. He demands the name of her lover, and after Nedda has again and again refused to give it, his rage ultimately masters him, and he plunges a dagger into her bosom. Falling, with a cry for help, she involuntarily speaks her lover's name. Sylvio then rushes towards her, and is instantly stabbed to the heart by Canio; while the Hunchback, with a malevolent smile, turns to the crowd and says, "The comedy is over."

From the published accounts of the story of the new Savoy opera, *Jane Annie*, the book by Messrs. J. M. Barrie and Conan Doyle, the music by Mr. Earnest Ford, one would think that the stage of the Gilbert and Sullivan shrine had been turned into a sort of Kindergarten. The story of the opera deals with the thrilling complications developed from the conflicting emotions of Jane Annie, the good girl, and Bab, the bad girl, of a young ladies' seminary. With the remembrances of the delightful wit and originality of the *Professor's Love-Story* in mind, one is almost tempted to ask how Mr. J. M. Barrie could descend to such apparent puerility. The composer, Mr. Ford, is an Irishman, a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music and of Sir Arthur Sullivan. The music of *Jane Annie* is said to be distinctly Sullivanesque, its chief faults being a lack of striking melody and variety, and a rather monotonous style of instrumentation—cardinal faults, one would think, in comic opera. The romantic music is said, however, to possess power, and the harmonization to be good throughout. As Mr. Ford is a pupil of Sir Arthur's, it is certainly natural that he should give evidence of that pupilship. As matter of fact, any musician at the present time who takes a simple rhythmic melody and treats it polyphonically with careful harmonization is accused of imitating Sir Arthur Sullivan.

The discovery which this gentleman made, and to which certainly the success of *Pinafore* and many others of his works was in a great measure due, was that a hymn tune or choral played in accelerated tempo is a most attractive thing. The very simplicity of the theme appeals to the uninitiated, and an educated musician has ample opportunity for showing his taste, skill, and refinement in the treatment of the accompaniment and in development. While the credit of the discovery is due to the discoverer, there seems no reason why that discovery should be absolutely reserved for his own special use, more particularly as the sources of his inspiration were in many instances common property. Why is it—the same old question coming up again—that an architect who goes to his authorities and reproduces well-known classical forms, with or without original variations, is praised and commended, while a musician, by the same token and for the same proceeding, is called a plagiarist, or a conscious and willing imitator? REGINALD DE KOVEN.

THE FORD'S THEATRE DISASTER.

A SAD, serious, and inexcusable disaster occurred in Washington Friday morning, June 9th. The building, formerly Ford's Theatre, in which Abraham Lincoln was shot by an assassin, which has been used as an Army Medical Museum, and more recently as an adjunct of the War Department, fell in, and buried beneath the débris of roof, floors, ceiling, and furniture very many of the government clerks. There were of these twenty-two killed and fifty wounded. Nearly all of the wounded will probably recover. This was an old building, and it has many times been reported to be unsafe. It has been kept in use, however, because, in the first place, there was a sentimental indisposition to destroy the building in which occurred the Lincoln tragedy, and then Congress has never made any appropriation for other and more suitable quarters. It was deemed too unsafe for the repository of the books, papers, and specimens of the Medical Museum, but good enough to hold the four or five hundred clerks of a bureau of the War Department. These clerks belonged to the Pension Record Division of the War Department, and were employed in copying the army muster-rolls used during the war. Men had been at work for several days in the cellar of the ramshackle structure, excavating for an electric plant. It is supposed that these men undermined the walls, which slipped a little and let the floors in. Only the front half of the building gave way.

There was in the centre of the building an air and light shaft that ran through all the three floors. In front of this shaft the floors gave way; behind the shaft the floors stood intact. Otherwise the loss of life would have been almost beyond precedent. Those who were in the building say there was but one crash, and all the floors seemed to give way at once. Immediately after the crash there arose a dense cloud of lime and dust, which filled the parts of the building left standing and prevented those unhurt from knowing exactly what had happened. In a very short while after the accident men were at work taking out the wounded and removing the débris, so as to find the bodies of the dead. By five o'clock in the afternoon twenty-two dead bodies had been found and fifty wounded men taken to the hospitals.

Reports of the accident spread rapidly, and in a little while the crowd of persons attracted to the place was so great that the police had to be re-enforced by the military, a company of artillery coming from the barracks, and a troop of cavalry from Fort Myers. All work in the other departments was practically suspended, and the friends and relatives of the clerks of the division occupying the building crowded Tenth and the neighboring streets. It will be difficult, if not impossible, to fix the responsibility for the continued occupation of this unsafe building upon any particular officer. But in Washington all seem to agree that for eight or nine years past the building has generally been regarded as entirely unsafe and unfit for use as a working-place for any large force of clerks.

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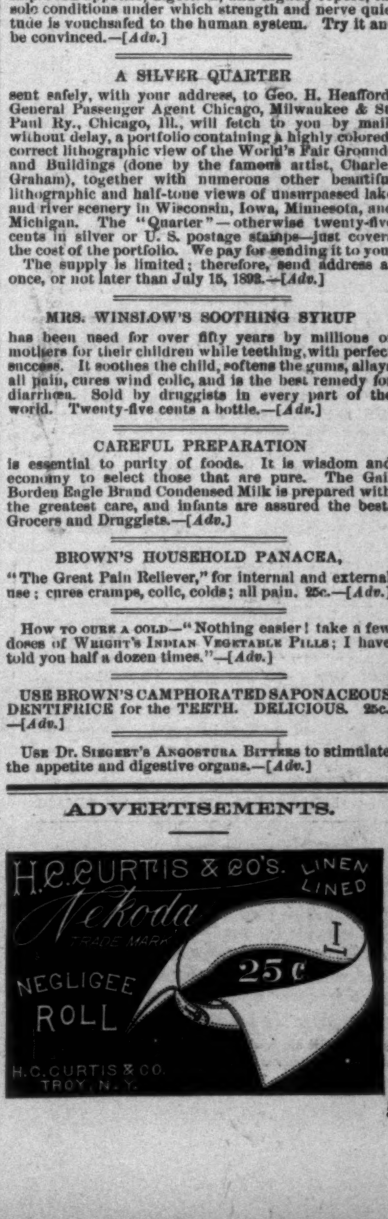

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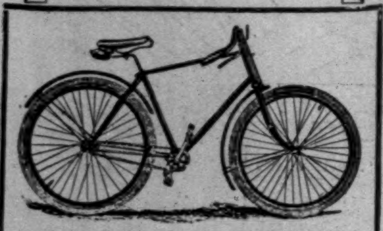

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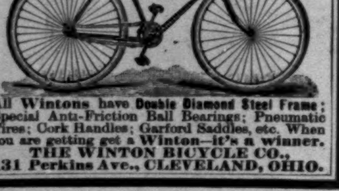

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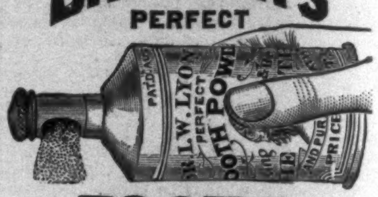

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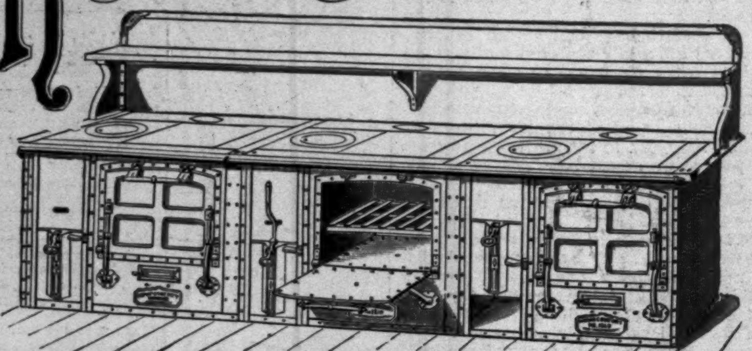

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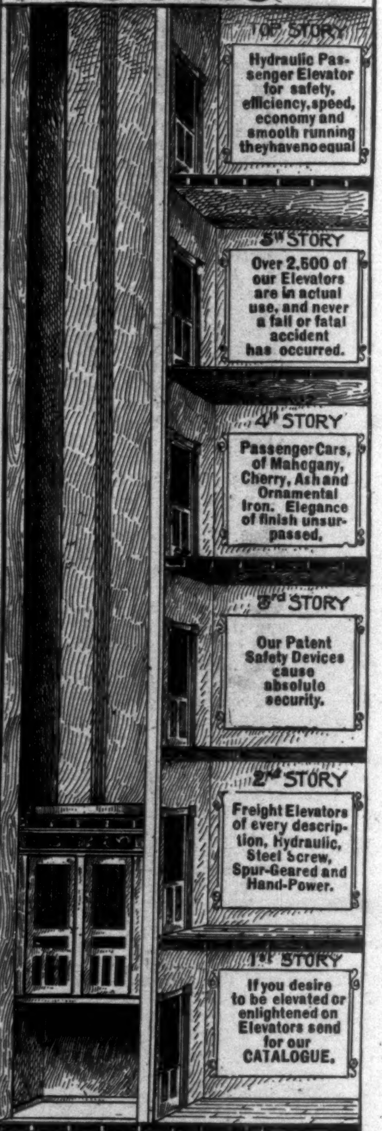
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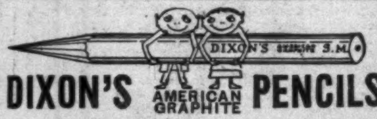

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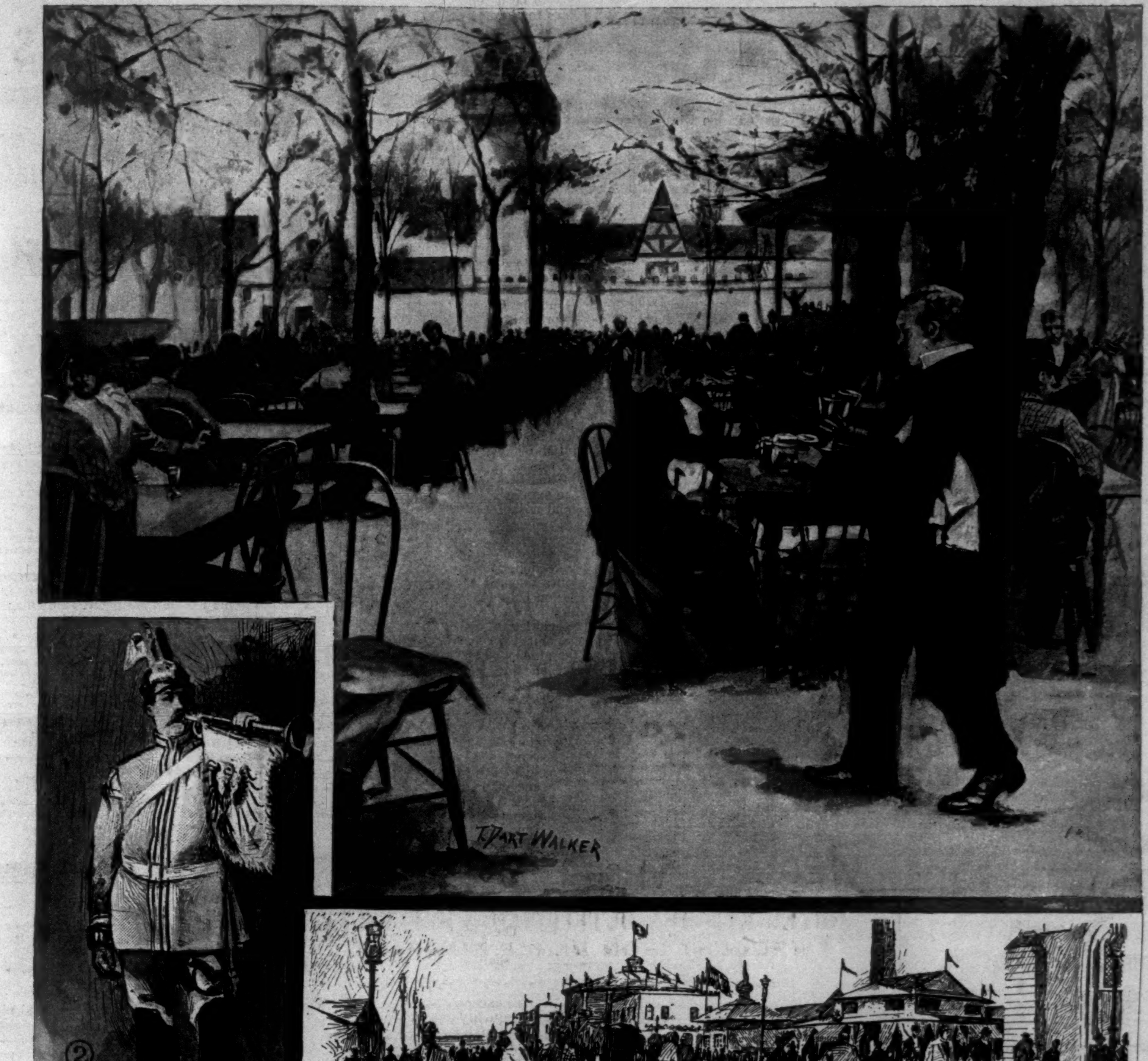

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—IN AND ABOUT THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.—Drawn by T. Dart Walker.

1. The German Village: drinking Beer and listening to the Music in the Garden. 2. Garde du Corps, German Village. 3. A Bit of the Midway Plaisance, looking East. 4. Egyptian Carvers and Types, Cairo Street. 5. An Egyptian Dancer ("Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-aye"), Cairo Street. 6. An Egyptian Priest.

AMATEUR SPORT.—(*Continued from page 582.*)

Vail, at 6, is naturally slow, but during the past few days he has put more life into his work, and is getting into good condition to back up 7. His blade-work is not what it should be, but he has improved upon it greatly since a week ago.

Week before last there was every indication that Cummings had awakened from his long winter's nap and had made up his mind to properly fill the position of starboard stroke. But during the past week he has either become overtrained or else he has gone to sleep again. He is reproducing the old fault which has helped to defeat Harvard for so many years: he is not in time with stroke; he is behind at the catch, behind at the finish, behind on the shoot. Once in a while he does move with stroke, showing that he could, if he tried hard, do his work properly. His blade-work, also, is not what it should be. He does not keep his oar square against the pin, but allows it to slip away at times, making his pull a series of jerks instead of a steady sweep. He must improve considerably if Harvard is to have a fast crew.

Fennessy is fulfilling the promise which he gave early in the season, and is rapidly developing into a good stroke. His finish, however, is poor. He goes back too far, and finishes too close to his body. He should sit up better, and make the change to the recovery a little quicker. After he starts on the recovery he moves quickly enough, but he could save seconds of time and run the stroke up much more easily did he not have these faults. He does not take his oar out cleanly, but feathers under water, and consequently drags when he should move with life. A little extra effort on his part during the coming two weeks and he will make a name for himself at stroke.

Taking the water quickly and getting in a good shove with their legs, the Harvard crew manages to start their shell instantly, and rapidly get a good headway. But as their speed increases, they seem unable to control themselves accordingly. They fail to catch her quick enough, and the consequence is that by the time their oars take the water they have lost nearly all, if not the whole, of the speed they have gained by the previous stroke. The shell shoots ahead during the stroke, glides along during the first part of the recovery, and then stops, while the eight men steady from their rush to the full reach and get ready to put their oars into the water. It is their inability to control the last part of the slide that is seriously impeding the progress of the shell during the recovery. It is their poor watermanship and inability to keep a firm, steady pressure on their stretchers which is causing them to waste pounds and pounds of strength on the stroke.

It has often been said that a good crew can gain as much on the recovery as on the stroke. It is practically true, for a poor recovery will ruin the best stroke that can be rowed. The quickness of the recovery should come at the first part, and the effect of eight men moving rapidly towards the stern is to send the shell ahead. There comes a time, however, when the eight men must change the direction of their motion and start back again. This change must be made quickly, but just before the change is made is the critical time. If they rush their slides at the end, as the Harvard men are doing, they are forced to stop themselves before they can change. When they stop they become dead-weights, the shell rapidly loses headway, and they undo a part of the work they have already done. The Harvard crew must learn to steal out slowly the last part of the recovery, gathering themselves on their stretchers as they move, and getting ready for the change, which must be made quickly, with the least possible apparent effort.

As you follow astern of the Harvard crew, the oars on the port side are seen to take the water much better than those on the starboard. They are better together, and there is less splashing. The shell seems to be kept fairly well on her keel, but there is a marked tendency to roll as the men come to the full reach.

Following alongside, the individual faults which have been enumerated are well marked, and even at a distance one can notice that Cummings generally comes up a little behind stroke, and can see the labored efforts of Burgess and Newell. Near-by, one notices how, after only a few moments' rowing, the men are pressed for breath. Their mouths are open, and they plainly show that they have not yet learned how to prepare themselves on the recovery for the stroke which is to come. It is but another result of their method of rushing down the last part of the recovery. They have to take the stroke before they are ready for it; they grow confused, and their rowing soon becomes a series of short jabs at the water, for in their haste to catch up they begin to shorten the length of their stroke. They are unable to keep their stroke long, not because they do not know how, but simply because they do not yet understand how to take the most advantage of a good stroke after they have rowed one.

If the Harvard crew can learn, while at New London, to keep their oars squarely against their pins, and master the art of a slow recovery, Yale will find a crew worthy of their best efforts, and one which they will have hard work to defeat.

Despite reports to the contrary, recently exploited in some of the daily newspapers, the Cornell 'varsity shell is going much faster to-day than it was last year at this time. Some changes have been made recently: Krantz was taken ill, and his place filled by Robbins, of last year's Freshman crew; Collins, bow, has been replaced by Freeborn, also of last year's Freshmen. The general form of the men is not so good as it should be, though considerable improvement has been made in the past week. Though the boat moves very steadily and keeps on its keel, it still stops between strokes, the men getting away too quickly with their slides. There is not enough snap in the recovery, the hands are not shot away quickly, and the grip on the water has no vigor in it.

The chief fault in the blade-work is that they do not catch the water quickly, nor, Hager excepted, get the blades in squarely. Hager, however, cocks his oar, and is inclined to bury it too deeply. Most of the others, notably Hull, go to the other extreme, and are besides inclined to feather under water.

The Cornell Freshmen are doing well, considering the several changes in their make-up, owing to loss of men. Hamilton, who is now stroking, shows remarkable endurance and energy for so slight a man. The general work of the crew is worthy of more experienced oarsmen; it is full of snap and determination. Shaw and Howard are probably the best of the lot, and one or both will go to Minneapolis as 'varsity substitutes. The crew is doing well, and certainly every man is proving himself a sportsman, working in the face of the discouraging happenings of the current year. It is, indeed, too bad they cannot get on a race with either Harvard or Yale. The average weight and age of the three given herewith do not bear out the impression that Cornell boats are filled by older and heavier men: Yale Freshmen—average age, 19; weight, 173. Harvard—age, 19; weight, 170. Cornell—age, 19; weight, 159.

The Freshman races on the Thames promise in results, from the present outlook, to be a repetition of last year. Cornell is much superior to Columbia, the latter's crew being considered the poorest the blue and white has turned out in a long time. Harvard has nothing to boast of, while Yale is reported to have quite as good a crew as last year, which is saying a great deal. This will leave Yale and Cornell so much ahead of their respective opponents that the New London week will be decidedly incomplete without a race between them. Every college man in the country wants to know what good reason there is to offer why Yale and Cornell Freshman crews should not meet at New London this month. The Cornell and Columbia race comes on the 20th, the Yale-Harvard-Columbia race could be rowed on the 24th instead of the 29th or the 26th, and the Yale-Cornell race on the 29th, the day before the Yale-Harvard 'varsity struggle. It is only a question of whether Yale will, for Cornell is willing.

The University of Pennsylvania crew is not rowing as well as it should at this late day, and its work is not nearly so clean as that of Cornell's. The body-work is fairly good, but the men are unquestionably clumsy in handling themselves, and the workmanship of the crew is wretched, generally speaking, and particularly noticeable in the bow. The oars do not strike the water together, nor with the same bevel, while on the recovery they are "cocked" each one at a different angle and distance from the water; all this causes the shell to roll badly, and creates as much splashing as a side-wheel ferry-boat

The arrangement of the men has been changed recently, and to good effect. Hollingshead has gone to bow; Barnes, stroke, Waters, 7, Wilson, 6, and Marshall (captain), 4, sat in the boat last year; Hollingshead was a substitute, and A. F. and J. H. Wagenhurts at 5 and 3 and Beck are new men, and without previous training. The experience with this year's 'varsity has demonstrated beyond a doubt how very essential is the Freshman crew to a university which hopes to support a 'varsity eight. There is plenty of power in the boat, and the men are working faithfully to correct their faults, but there must be a tremendous improvement if the Pennsylvania 'varsity crew hopes to finish nearer Cornell on Lake Minnetonka than it did on Lake Cayuga.

The open-air horse shows held last week and the week before in New York and Philadelphia were the most successful affairs of the kind ever given in this country. It was the intention to comment on these shows at some length, but the death of Booth and the consequent claim on the space of the Weekly, besides the other demands on this department, have made only the briefest remarks possible, which is highly unsatisfactory to the writer, to say the least of it. Comment must, therefore, be confined to the New York show, as being the most important. Too much credit cannot be given to the handful of sportsmen who actually made this show possible, and who put their hands into their pockets to cover the deficit. People only began this year to realize what an encouragement to the breeder of American horseflesh this show is, and what a grand educator for the people it may be. There were twice as many spectators this year as last, and it did not require an experienced eye to observe how thoroughly the show, generally speaking, was enjoyed. The management was of the best, and every man and woman that purchased a ticket received more than their money's worth. The open air horse show in New York has come to stay. The people have just awakened to the pleasure it dispenses to spectators and the gifts to horsemen, and next year we shall see few empty seats on the grand stands.

As for the horses, the display was exceptionally good; all the classes were well filled, and the quality of entries far above last year. The saddle-horses and high-steppers were particularly good, but I must ask the judges of the former by what precedent they place Mr. Eugene Higgins's Lauderdale, a second prize winner in the ladies' saddle-horse class, and especially over Mr. Widener's Lady Preston, which is as superior a ladies' hack as may be conceived? And how is it so many entries get into this class that have no business in it? One sees horses that are pulling the very arms out of their male riders capering about. It would be interesting to have a definition from the judges as to what constituted a ladies' saddle-horse. And some of the riding! The wonder is several of the poor beasts did not refuse to show off at all, for the way they were handled. There was a fine display of hunters, but there should be some distinction made between horses that can simply get over a fence of respectable height and a hunter. For instance, will any one say Mr. Pepper's irascible but clever high-jumper, Maud, is a hunter? It does not follow that because a horse can get over a few bars it is a hunter. There should be a decided change in the present classification before the next show. Warwick, which I saw but once, seemed the cleverest and most natural jumper of all the entries. He went over the fences beautifully, drawing in his fore legs precisely like a deer. Certainly he outdid Mr. Collier's Majestic the day I saw him perform after the hounds.

The judges and the exhibitors seemed to confound roadsters and trotters. The harness classes filled well, and brought out some beautiful horseflesh. The tandems and fours were very good. But again two queries are suggested for the judges' response, viz., why is not the *all-round* action of both horses in a tandem taken into consideration and an average struck, instead of being carried away by an unusual leader or wheeler? and, again, how can winners in a road four be candidates for honors in a park four? In these two classes different qualities are to be desired. In park fours Mr. Boudouine had really an easy win, for no other entry was within hailing distance, and all his horses were grand animals; but how the sluggish beasts Reginald Rives was driving got second only the judges can tell. They had no snap, no style, and were distinctly inferior to Mr. Carman's, who certainly was treated very shabbily by the judges, as in the road four he should have had at least a ribbon if not first. Instead of which the circus performance of Bates in rushing around the track evidently caught the judges as well as the gallery. It is desirable, of course, for road teams to be equal to a gallop, but that is not the only thing. Quality should count for something. When practically the same team wins a third in park fours, it's time some one took the judges aside, and whispered gently in their private ear.

Princeton played the best game of the season on Saturday, but it was not good enough to keep Yale from scoring two runs to their none. Gunster's failure at third to hold a thrown ball let in one, and Speer earned the other by a long fly over the left-fielder's head for a home run. The features of the game were Woodcock's (Princeton) work (he caught out seven men in left field, made one single, and beat the ball to first once), and the pitching of Carter and Drake. Although Carter struck out 13 men to Drake's 4, the latter held Yale down to two base hits, while Princeton got four, and twice beat the ball to first on bunts. Drake never put up a better game, and Humphrey caught him without an error, and threw finely to second. Otto played brilliantly at short, but made two bad fumbles. Murphy plainly showed the lack of practice; twice he fumbled the ball, and he did not get to first during the game. The rearrangement of Yale's field strengthens it materially. Bliss at centre looks natural, and no better than he could be put there. Beal is a big improvement at second. Humphrey should be kept behind the bat. Princeton's fielding was brilliant, but not so steady as Yale's, their base running was better, though Gunster spoiled an otherwise clean record in this respect. Princeton had 7 men left on bases, and Yale 3. This makes Yale the winner of the series, but a third game will be played in New York on the 17th.

The outcome of the Yale-Harvard game is very much more uncertain since Murphy has taken his old place on the Yale nine, and Highlands has got off probation and gone into the Harvard box. With Wiggin in the box it looked as though Yale would have the advantage, inasmuch as her batters could hit him, while it is doubtful if the Harvard batsmen could do as much with Carter. On the other hand, Yale's weak in-field meant that some of Harvard's best batters would be very apt to reach first on errors, if not on a clean base hit. Both teams are now strong where they were the weakest, and the contest will be exceptionally interesting. No team has yet been able to solve Carter's delivery for more than a few scattered hits; but Harvard is very strong at the bat, and has been able in every contest with other nines to bunch hits at some time in the game. But then they have not faced such a man as Carter. The chances are slightly in favor of Harvard, because her batsmen, besides being harder, are surer hitters, and her base-running is better. The Harvard-Brown game, Saturday, won by the former, 2–0, showed Highlands to be in form, as he struck out twelve men.

The Pennsylvania nine must play better ball than it has shown in its last games to take either of the coming games (on the 12th and 14th) from Harvard. It has not fulfilled the promise of the first part of the season, and shows such pronounced unsteadiness at times that it undoes all the previous good work. It won, or rather the pitcher Clarence Bayne won, the Princeton game on the 7th, score 4–2, but it was due more to the fact that the Princeton substitute pitcher was in the box than to any good playing on Penn's part, since they made five errors. Bayne pitched a strong, steady game, striking out eleven men and not giving a single base on balls.

In the game against Cornell on the 9th Pennsylvania again filled up the error column (5), and Bayne was not so effective as at Princeton. He struck out six men, and gave four first bases on balls. Priest, the Cornell pitcher, carried off the honors, striking out ten men, but also giving first base to four men. The game began well for Pennsylvania, but, as usual, they could not rise to the emergency when Cornell did some hard and timely hitting, while Cornell put up an all-round strong game, and made but one error, finally winning by a score of 7 to 5.

In the game on Saturday, Cornell won her third victory over Pennsylvania, 6–3, by hard hitting and good fielding, making only two errors, while Pennsylvania made six.

Instances of good sportsmanship in baseball appear to be the exception this season, and I therefore note with pleasure the action of Cornell in their game with the University of Michigan at Detroit on Decoration day, account of which has been sent me by a spectator in whose judgment I have full confidence. It was an exciting eleven-inning contest, finally won by Cornell, which was stronger in stick-work, and fairly earned the victory. The crowd naturally was in favor of the home team, and manifested itself in the usual manner; but the umpire was far more dangerous to Cornell's chances than the noisy but good-humored spectators. "Every close decision was against Cornell, and several others not at all close were so palpably unjust as to be the common remark of disinterested spectators."

Notwithstanding the crowd and the umpire, Cornell never once became rattled, and finally batted out the deserved victory. They acted like gentlemen and amateurs throughout the trying contest. The umpire was Michigan's selection, and, in fact, was the change pitcher of their own team; and certainly his work created suspicion as to his motives.

Miss Cahill will not defend her title to the singles championship at Wissahickon next week. She has now held the challenge trophy two years, and in her absence the title and cup go without further contest to the winner in singles of the tournament. That Miss Moore will make as strong a bid for the title as she did last year goes almost without the saying. With the experience of the past year and her (somewhat too much so) cautious methods, she should prove a strong opponent. Her recent defeat by Miss Mowry by a score of 6–4, 6–1 on the Berkeley Oval is significant, and should be taken into consideration in looking over probable winners. Should Miss Roosevelt play and show the form she did at Staten Island last autumn, the chances are more than even on her winning the tournament.

The vagary of lawn tennis was evidenced at New Haven last week when Clarence Hobart wrested the New England championship from E. L. Hall—6–3, 5–7, 3–6, 8–6, 6–4. Only last week, in the Southern championship, Malcolm Chace defeated Hobart, and subsequently fell an easy victim to Hall's hard, steady play. Hobart has not shown such clever work for a couple of years as he did against Hall, and it looks as if he was getting back into his 1891 form. The match was brilliant from the beginning. Hobart tried to keep Hall at the back line, but the latter got to the net often enough to make his opponent play a better game than he did all last year in order to win, and his drives across the court were equal to the best Larned showed at Newport last year. Hobart made the most effective use of his particular stroke in sharp low returns.

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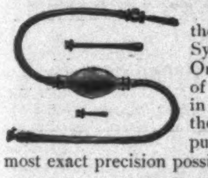

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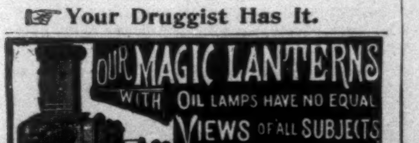

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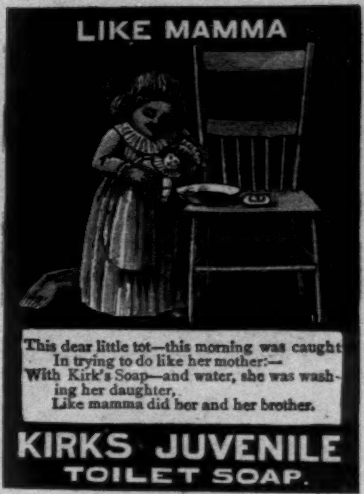

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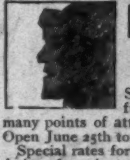

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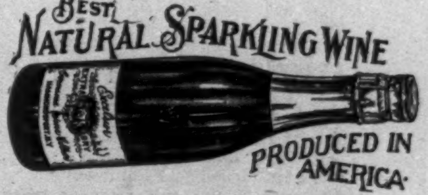

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